

THE LAST VOYAGE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

THE LEISURE HOUR

A VOYAGE TO AUSTRALIA, SPECIALLY ILLUSTRATED.

THE MARKET-TOWN OF KING EDWARD VII.



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APRIL, 1901.

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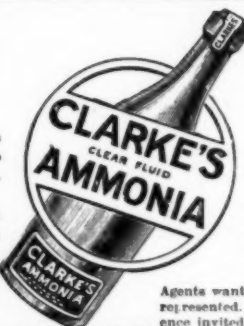
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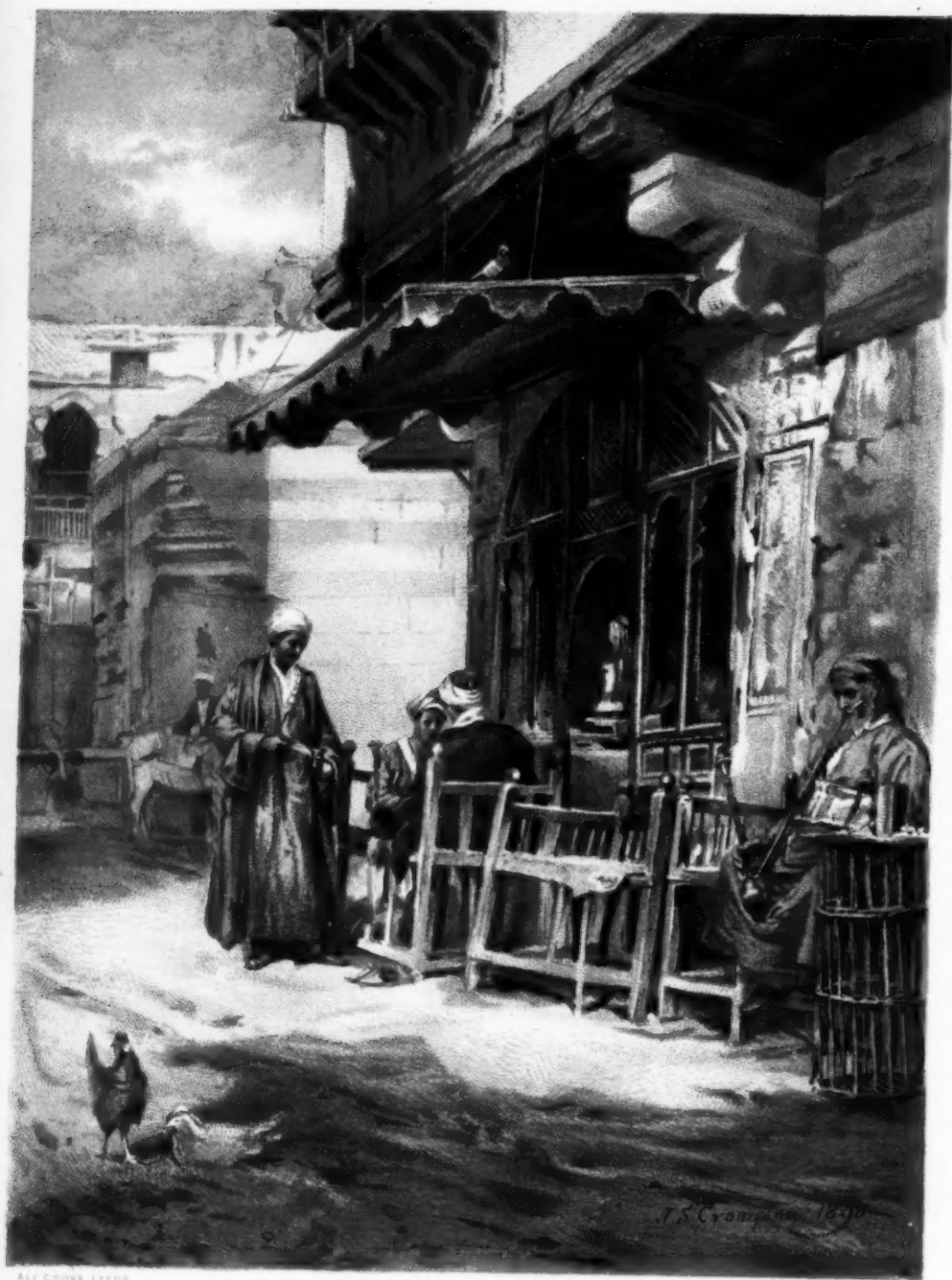
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ALY COORS, LEIDS

NATIVE CAFÉ, CAIRO

FROM THE PICTURE BY J. S. CROMPTON.



A VOYAGE TO AUSTRALIA.

IT is said that if you want to find out the true character of a man, you will take him for a long sea-voyage. The close association day after day and the impossibility of getting away from it are bound to show him in his true colours.

To the majority of people a long sea-voyage is in the highest degree enjoyable. Not to the victim of *mal-de-mer*, who would give all he possesses for a square yard of good solid earth. Not to the man and wife travelling with four or five children, for their troubles and anxieties are as frequent as the hours. But to those who are free from these circumstances the broad expanse of ever-changing ocean, the exquisite skies, the striking interest of all the foreign places of call, the fresh pure air and the endless round of simple amusements all combine to make the time pass pleasantly and quickly; so pleasantly that most of the young people, when the voyage is ended, are more than reluctant to leave it.

The beginning is the only unpleasant part. Both people and surroundings are strange, the cabins are cramped and confined, and if it is a first voyage one is "all at sea" in trying to fit one's belongings to the limited space allotted. Then the Bay of Biscay is probably living up to its reputation, and to the man who is a bad sailor life is not worth living.

On deck the outlook is drear and miserable. Huge grey seas, with white spray

flying from their crests, spitefully lash the sides of the heaving ship as she churns her way through them. The deck-chairs are all tied together in a heap, there is nowhere to sit, and everything is wet and sticky with the salt sea-foam. Below, the discomfort is aggravated by the heavy atmosphere; and the clatter of knives and forks from the dining-saloon, proclaiming how the hardened ones are enjoying themselves, seems an added injury. But the good ship ploughs steadily on and in a day or two all the misery is left behind, and the future is bright with the promise of health and pleasure.

At Gibraltar the sights begin, and all through the Mediterranean there is some thing or place outside to engage the attention. There is the run ashore at Naples with a flying visit to Pompeii, and the hurry back lest the steamer leave without us. Then each has to tell his own impressions and experiences and listen to those of the others.

Stromboli, with its smoking crest, and the wonderful passage between Italy and Sicily, with monasteries, vineyards, groves, and villages perched on or nestling under the dark rocky hills would move the most phlegmatic to enthusiasm. Port Said again is a complete contrast, and as we pass through the Canal there is a feeling of awe and solemnity in the great stretch of gently undulating desert, with its scattered

A Voyage to Australia

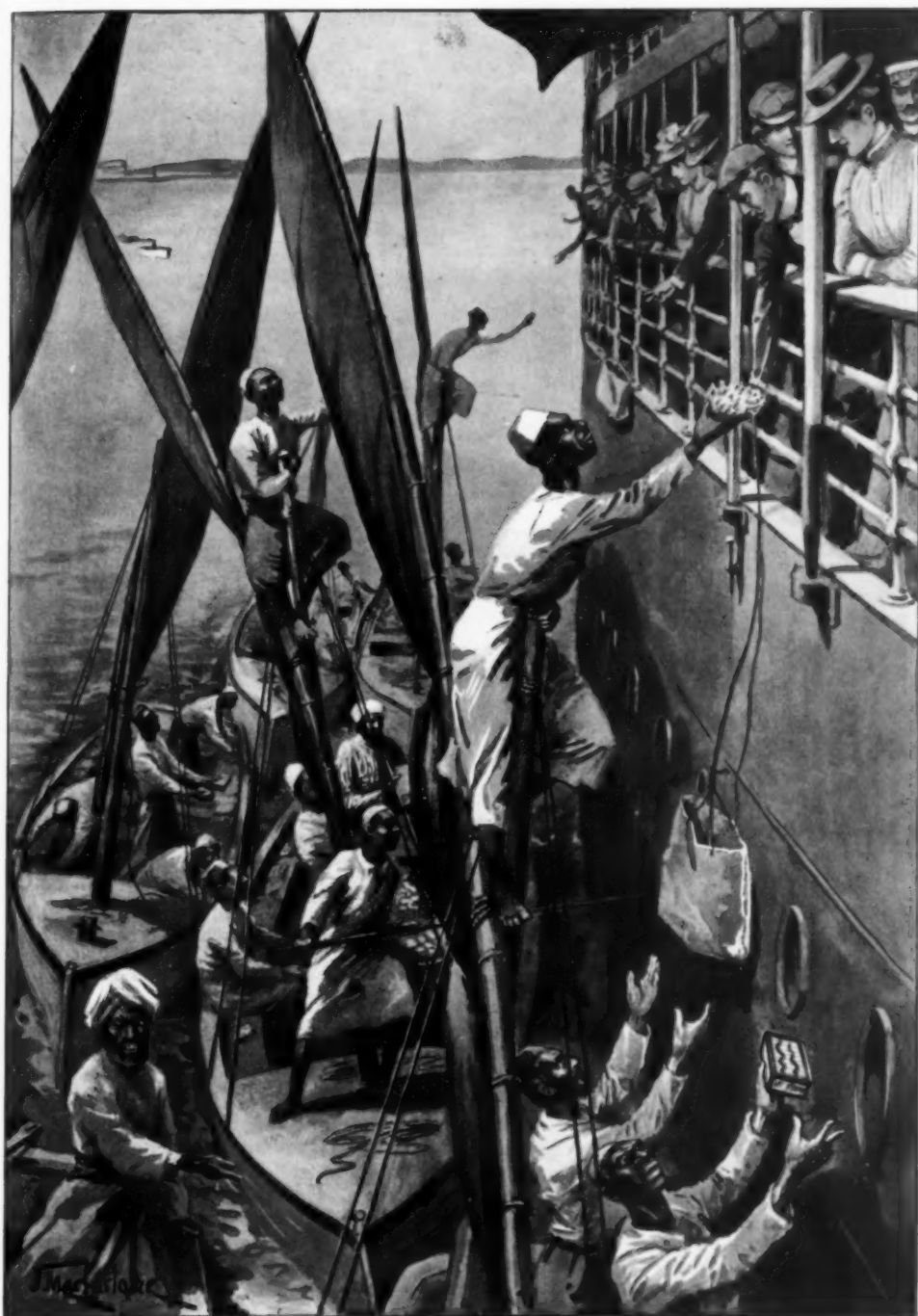
clumps of dark vegetation and the mysterious bands of purple and dull yellow, that streak the baked earth in the light of the evening sun. The only visible life is on the Canal banks where dozens of Arab boys and girls run for miles shouting for "backsheesh." It is strange to think of this huge vessel, brilliantly lit from stem

to stern with hundreds of electric lamps, and carrying probably a thousand crew and passengers, surrounded with all the comfort and luxury of modern civilisation, steaming majestically through the centre of this great arid desert.

At Suez all interest gathers in the sailing-boats, with their long bent booms, that



IN THE BAY OF BISCAY



TRADING AT SUEZ

A Voyage to Australia



DECK QUOITS

come alongside to barter their wares. The crews are picturesque in flowing robes, white, or striped in gaudy colours, with white or red fezzes, or turbans, for head-dress. There is a perfect babel as they ceaselessly shout out the quality and price of their goods, or quarrel fiercely among themselves for the coveted position next the ship's side. Pieces of coral, boxes made of porcupine quills, cheap cigarettes, Turkish sweets, delicious oranges, and numberless knick-knacks are offered for sale.

The last "baggage day" has been a busy one, for the weather has been rapidly getting warmer, and as we glide down the Red Sea both passengers and crew have blossomed out into summer costumes. In August the Red Sea is just too hot for

anything. The very ship herself seems to perspire, and everything, ourselves included, is wet and clammy. Air-shoots are fixed outside the open ports, causing a current to circulate through the stifling cabins. The limp passengers loll about on deck-chairs and sip iced drinks, or gaze listlessly at each other. But as we turn out of it at Aden and head eastward for Ceylon, the weather is perfect. The hot sun does not penetrate the awnings, and the breeze, though soft and balmy, is yet fresh and life-giving. All lassitude has disappeared and every one on board, both first and second saloons, is busy organising or taking part in amusements. There are sports committees, concert committees, all sorts of committees, and the members of them are full of energy and resource, vying with each other in the race to please, and

then the fun begins. There are potato races, tug-of-war, jumping, cricket matches on matting pitches, together with the more ludicrous game of cock-fighting, where the vanquished, with hands tied before his knees, rolls helplessly into the scuppers. Or the game in which the passenger, blindfolded, seeks to chalk-mark the eye on a pig drawn on the deck. Or that in which he has his feet suspended in a sling from one of the awning beams, and with one hand on the deck, tries to overreach the chalk-mark of his opponent. The slightest motion of the ship causes him to collapse in the most undignified manner. Then there are the more staid games of deck quoits, "bull" board, deck billiards, and it is simply astonishing how much interest and excitement can be got from these simple amusements when people have nothing else to do.

On Sundays, of course, these things cease, and there are two church services held. If there is a clergyman on board

A Voyage to Australia



DIVINE SERVICE ON DECK

he is asked to officiate, and if not the service is read by the captain, so that all the Sabbath observances of life on shore are faithfully carried out.

One morning the ship is stirred, and there is quite a flutter among the ladies as the news spreads abroad that an addition has taken place to the passenger population, and the interest is further sustained when the formal baptism of the child takes place with all due ceremony.

Another day the ship is stirred to its depths among all classes by the news that some one has died, and then in the evening a reverent group gathers by the ship's side, the engines are slowed down, part of the rail is removed, and the solemn burial service is read. At the words "commit his body to the deep" the grating is tilted up and the corpse glides from under the union jack and plunges into the depths below. There is nothing more impressive than a burial service at sea.

After a week without a sight of land, every one is eagerly anticipating a run

ashore at Colombo. As we draw up to it in the evening the buildings stand out white against the dark tropical vegetation, capped with the feathery tops of the coconut palms. All round our anchorage, at a little distance, is a perfect flotilla of every kind of craft. Catamarans, cargo-laden barges, steam-launches and rowing-boats, with snow-white awnings, ride easily on the long glassy swell. They are manned by smart natives whose dark skins contrast well with the blue, red, yellow, and white cloth that forms their clothing. As soon as the doctor's signal of "ship cleared" is seen, the whole flotilla of boats is galvanised into life, and the shouts, cries, curses, and gibberings of the boatmen become deafening. "Shore, sir! Shore, sir! All ri', sir," is easily distinguished amid the ceaseless roar of their native tongue as they struggle and fight to get nearest the ladder at the ship's side, for the first passenger.

The coal-barges haul alongside and coaling begins. The black coolies, perched

A Voyage to Australia



FANCY DRESS

on platforms slung over the side, hoist the bags up and work desperately. All the port-holes are closed to keep out the dust, and saloons and cabins become stifling. Everybody who can goes on shore to spend the night in one of the comfortable hotels. The stay on shore is just sufficient to whet one's appetite and create a longing to spend weeks or months there instead of hours. How picturesque the narrow streets with their treble-tiled roofs and quaint shops, and the people in all the gaudy colour and

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variety of their dress, the effeminate-looking men with hair done up behind with tortoiseshell combs, and their long skirts, the bright and gleaming teeth of the women with their jolly-looking piccaninnies, all bathed in the quivering heat of the tropical sun. And verily it is hot! One envies the cool dress of the natives and the indifference of the coolie as he trots along at steady pace dragging his 'rickshaw and fair passenger without a sign of fatigue. Back on board ship we find the decks invaded by pedlars selling all kinds of curios—models of carts and catamarans, gold-embroidered table-covers, mantle-borders, silk hand-



A 'RICKSHAW IN COLOMBO

A Voyage to Australia

kerchiefs, and what not. Above all the din and excitement of barter can be heard the shrill shout, "Di! di! di! throw a sixpen' and I di." Sixpence is thrown, and like a flash the boy disappears under the water after it. In a few seconds he is bobbing about on the surface with the coin in his teeth. When the last of the pedlars has been bundled over the rail, the engines begin to throb again, and now we are gliding over the Indian Ocean, straight for the Australian coast. The amusement committee resumes its work, and we have more games, and music in the evening. But we are nearing the Australian coast, and those who have come to stay are anxious to catch a first glimpse of their adopted country, and although the first impression is not favourable as we coast along hundreds of miles of barren sand and scrub, or rocky forbidding headlands, there is that behind which will soften the impression. They will probably become as unwilling to leave the new country as they now are to leave the good ship that has brought them safely thither.

J. MACFARLANE.



THE FIRST SIGHT OF THE AUSTRALIAN COAST

A Crocus

WHAT do you here,
You gracious golden-headed thing,
Lifting against the foes of Spring
Your emerald spear?

"I come to prove
That March is fairest of the fair,
Whose colours knights in battle bear
As gage of love.

Her eyes, I say,
Are love's own tint. If June's are blue,
Forget-me-not should change her hue
And put on grey.

There cannot be
In any time, in any place,
A lady fairer in the face
Than March to me.

From this my crest
Her colours none shall shear away,
When for her lovely sake I lay
My lance in rest.

Her name I cry
To all the four winds, and I know
Old Winter I shall overthrow
Because her faithful knight am I."

NORA HOPPER.



BOOM!—o'er your watery deeps,
Guns of old England's might,
Guns that defend our right,
Boom!—for a Monarch sleeps!
Boom!—for a nation weeps.

Hushed is the silver sea,
Silent the listening land;
Silent the great ships manned;
Hushed is all mirth and glee;
Boom!—for a nation weeps.

Hushed is the voice that spoke
Words that made strife to cease,
Whispers that wafted peace,
Comforted hearts that broke;
Boom!—for a nation weeps.

Over Her island home
Rise the two silent towers,
Where in Her happiest hours
Quiet She loved to roam.
Boom!—for a nation weeps.

Hushed is the pibroch's wail,
Wild as its Highland glen;
Hushed is the march of men;
Furled is each flapping sail.
Boom!—for a nation weeps.

Forth the frail vessel glides,
Bearing that sacred dust,
Bearing that solemn trust:
Guns, from your great ships' sides,
Boom!—for a nation weeps.

The Last Voyage of Queen Victoria

King of our royal line,
Queen of the Sea-kings' race,
Kaiser of fearless face,
In one great grief combine:
Boom!—for a nation weeps.

Ships of old England's might,
German and Japanese,
Ships French and Portuguese,
Here in one grief unite.
Boom!—for the nations weep.

Bared now is every head;
Onward through music slow,
Bathed in the sunset glow,
Passes the honoured Dead.
Boom!—for a nation weeps.

See! in the distant west
Fadeth the wintry sun;
Victoria's work is done,
Our good Queen lies at rest.
Boom!—for a nation weeps.

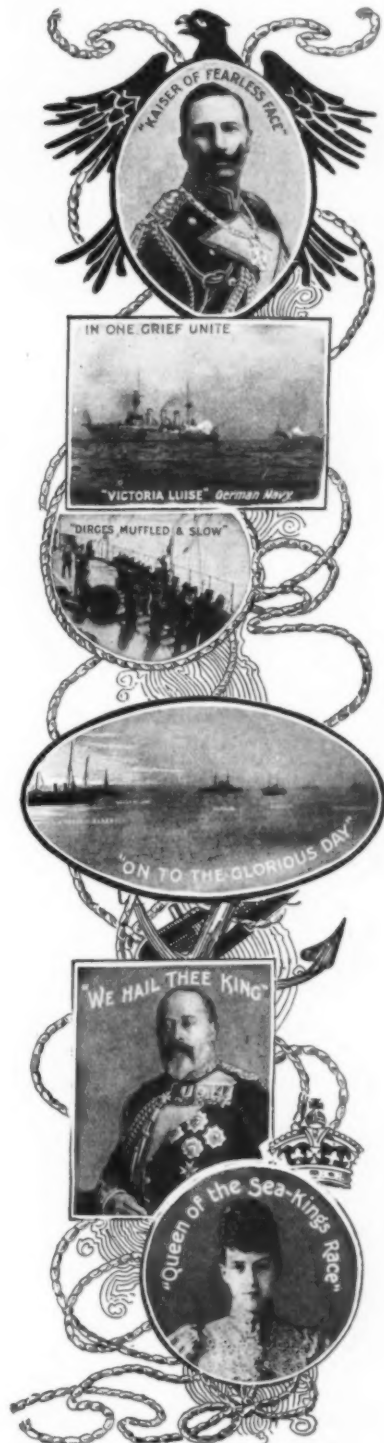
Guns of old England's might,
Drums of a nation's woe,
Dirges muffled and slow,
Cease with the sunset light!
Hush!—for a monarch sleeps.

On to the glorious day,
Where never sets the sun,
Where life is but begun,
Passeth our Queen away.
Peace!—for Victoria sleeps.

Edward! we hail Thee King!
God give Thee length of days,
God give Thee opened ways
Peace to the world to bring!
Victoria's son, our King!

C. H. IRWIN.

The illustrations are from photographs by Cribb, Gregory, Russell, and others.





KING'S LYNN, FROM THE WEST

The Market-Town of King Edward VII

ON his Norfolk estate King Edward VII., as Prince of Wales, has been the country gentleman rather than the prince, and in that capacity he has taken a lively interest in the affairs of the town with which the residents at the Hall, and the tenant-farmers and their dependents have business relations.

This is the ancient town of Lynn, situated near the mouth of the Ouse, some seven miles south of Sandringham. For the last three hundred years and more it has been known as King's Lynn. Previously it was Episcopal or Bishop's Lynn, through being in the possession of the Bishops of Norwich. The change of name came with the transfer of the ownership to King Henry VIII.

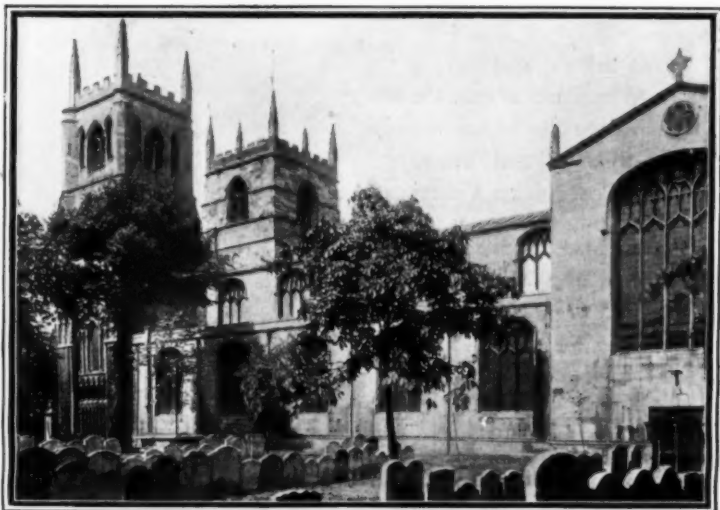
It is now a quiet town of barely twenty thousand inhabitants, but there was a time when it was one of the leading ports in the kingdom, and for its shipping trade it ranked far higher than London.

As became a town of such importance it was fortified, and there still remain a fragment of its wall and one of

its gates. The latter is a substantial brick structure with staircase turrets at its angles and a guard-room over the entrance, a noble archway once defended by a portcullis.

The most characteristic feature of the town, by reason of its being prominently in view from every point of approach, is a lofty isolated tower known far and wide as "the old tower," and originally the central lantern tower of the church of the Grey Friars.

At the time of the suppression of the monasteries there were no fewer than thirteen religious houses in Lynn, but beyond the tower just named and a gatehouse that belonged to the White Friars or Carmelites, there is little more than the



SOUTH SIDE OF ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH, KING'S LYNN

The Market-Town of King Edward VII

names of certain thoroughfares to keep green their memory.

Shortly before their dispersion the White Friars entertained distinguished guests, for in the town records one reads that "At ye ffeast of ye Epiphany (1527) agreed that ye ffrench Queen and ye Duke of Suffolk shall be presented at ye White ffrriors with a hogshead of wine and foure swans with other wildefowle." Some idea, also, of the position which the Augustine Friars held in the town and of the magnitude of their establishment, is afforded by the fact that on one occasion they entertained Henry VII. and his consort, Arthur Prince of Wales, the king's mother, and a very numerous retinue.

Opposite the Grey Friars' Tower is the Grammar School, an institution which Edward VII. has encour-

aged by annually giving a gold medal to the scholar who most highly distinguishes himself, and the value of the prize is immeasurably enhanced by the royal donor personally handing it to the winner. The school belongs to the town, having been founded by the local authorities at the time of the Reformation.

It will be remembered that Eugene Aram, of whom Thomas Hood sang, and who is the title character of one of Lytton's novels, was an assistant-master at the Lynn Grammar School when he was arrested for committing murder at Knaresborough. But the school was then held in the chapel

of St. John, a part of the parish church.

This church is one of the lions of the town. It is dedicated to St. Margaret and was founded by Herbert de Lozinga, the great church-building Bishop of Norwich in the reign of William Rufus. It is two hundred and forty feet long, and its breadth is rather more than half its length. Among the treasures of its interior are the two largest and best monumental brasses in the kingdom.

During the morning service on a Sunday in 1643, the

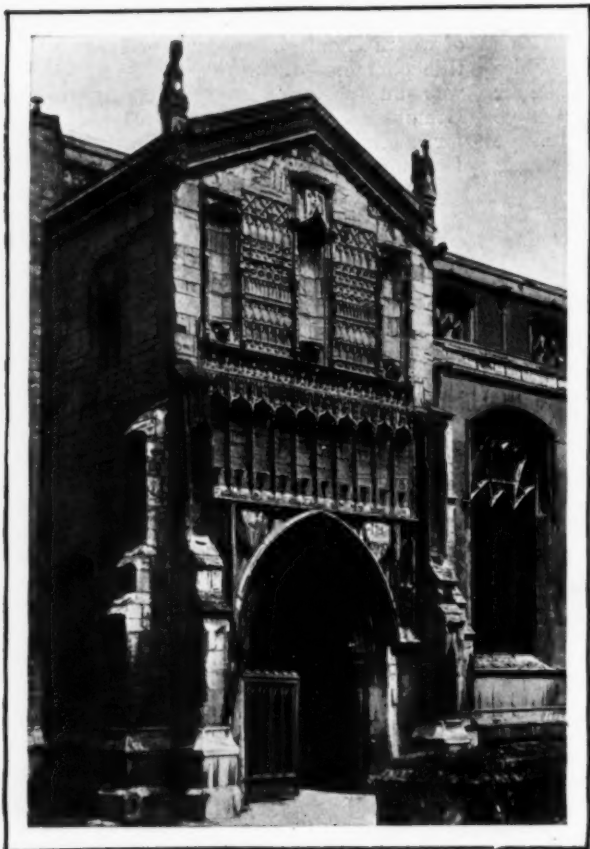
devotions of the congregation were interrupted by the entry of a cannon-ball hurled by Cromwell's gunners, who were posted on the western side of the river. The missile smashed a pillar, but no one suffered bodily hurt.

Opposite the church is a hall that belonged



THE GREY FRIARS' TOWER, KING'S LYNN

The Market-Town of King Edward VII



SOUTH PORCH, ST. NICHOLAS' CHURCH, KING'S, LYNN

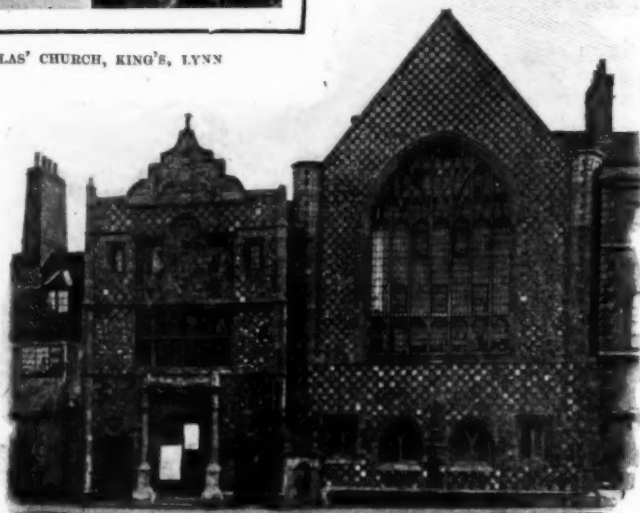
to one of the many guilds that were established in the town. The exterior is of flint and stone panelling, of exquisite workmanship, the flints being so accurately squared and so closely placed together, that the edge of a knife can scarcely be inserted in the joints.

A stranger looking upon the cathedral-like structure of St. Margaret's would never imagine that almost within a stone's-throw he could see another fane hardly inferior to

that before him. But in the fishermen's quarter of the town there stands the chapel of St. Nicholas, two hundred feet in length, and having a clerestory of eleven windows. It was built originally about 1160, and rebuilt in the earliest years of the fifteenth century. Within is much beautiful carving, and without is one of the finest porches in England.

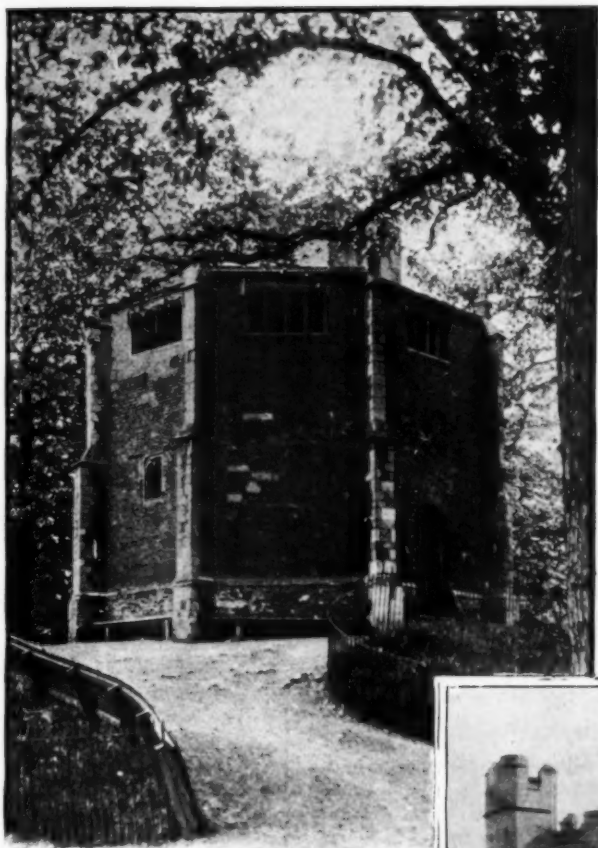
Even these noble churches are not the sum-total of the ecclesiastical treasures of the town. On the public walks, of which Lynn is justly proud, and which run in part on the line of the ancient fortifications, is a small red-brick building known as the Red Mount (probably a corruption of Rood Mount), and containing two distinct chapels one above the other.

The upper, supposed to have been used by the Guild of our Lady, is a perfect church in miniature. It



THE GUILD HALL, KING'S LYNN

The Market-Town of King Edward VII



THE "RED MOUNT," KING'S LYNN

measures only seventeen feet from east to west, and fourteen feet from north to south, and is a unique specimen of mediæval ecclesiastical art. Especially famous is it for its beautiful groined roof with its fan tracery springing from slender columns. A similar church, but somewhat larger and much better kept, may be seen at Amboise in the south of France.

Then, again, for those who look lovingly on relics of the past, Lynn has fine specimens of the domestic architecture of the better-class citizens of long by-gone days—roomy houses

built round courtyards, and having at the entrance to the quadrangle a massive door that would resist the attack of disturbers of the peace.

And mention must be made of the sword of state, probably presented by the captive John of France; of the old and beautiful loving-cup; of the goodly pile of charters; and of the famous record book, known as the Red Register, and reputed to be one of the earliest paper books extant in Great Britain.

H. HARBOUR.



THE SOUTH GATE

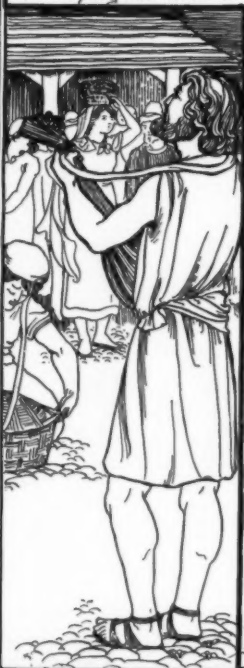
THE SINGERS

LONG FELLOW

God sent his singers upon earth,
With songs of gladness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts
of men
And bring them back to heaven again.

The first, a youth, with soul of
fire,
Held in his hand a golden lyre;
Through groves he wandered, and
by streams
Playing the music of our dreams.

The second, with a bearded face,
Stood singing in the market-place
And stirred with accents deep
and loud
The hearts of all the listening
crowd.



A grey, old man, the third and last,
Sung in cathedrals dim and
vast,
While the majestic organ
rolled
Conitron from its mouths of gold.

And those who heard the singers
three
Disputed which the best might be
For still their music seemed
to start
Discordant echoes in each heart.

But the great Master said I see
No best in kind, but in
degree.
I gave a various gift to each,
To charm, to strengthen, and
to teach.

These are the three great chords
of might,
And he whose ear is tuned
aright
Will hear no discord in the
three.
But the most perfect harmony.



READER, 51

The Awakening of Anthony Weir

BY SILAS K. HOCKING

AUTHOR OF "ONE IN CHARITY," "THE HEART OF MAN,"
"IN SPITE OF FATE," ETC.

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

SHORTLY before leaving Sanlogan, his native place, to enter on the pastorate of a city church, Anthony Weir has a walk with Phillis Day, the daughter of Captain Day. He has known her since she was ten, and they have grown very fond of each other. His heart prompts him to tell her of his love, but he begins to question whether an engagement with her might not stand in the way of his advancement. The contest in his mind was between love and expediency. When they parted next day expediency had conquered, and he spoke no word of love. Next morning he left for Workingham.

Anthony is much struck with a wonderful contralto voice which charmed the congregation during the services of his first Sunday. The singer was Miss Adela Butler, niece of Alderman Butler, the senior deacon, and was said to be an heiress in her own right. Mr. Wembly, a distiller, had already been attracted by her, and on her account had presented a fine organ to the church.

Anthony now gets rooms of his own. His landlady is a Roman Catholic, and the only other lodger is a curate, Mr. Colvin, who, with a stipend of £100 a year, lives on a pound a week and gives away the rest.

Fever breaks out in a poor district of Workingham, and several of the members of Anthony's church are down with it. Anthony is afraid to visit them, and when Tim the shoemaker comes to fetch him to the bedside of a dying man, Anthony takes to his bed. The doctor is called in, finds him somewhat run down, and advises a change. The deacons give Anthony three months' leave, and Mr. Bilstone, the auctioneer, invites him to accompany him to Nice. To Anthony's great disappointment Adela Butler does not accompany the party farther than London. When at Nice he visits Monte Carlo, and is greatly fascinated by the sight of the roulette-tables. At last he is on the point of yielding to the temptation to play, when he sees a young fellow rise from a table in despair and attempt to shoot himself. This checks Anthony's infatuation.

Soon after Anthony's return to Workingham, he asks Adela Butler to marry him. She thinks she does not love him sufficiently, and asks him to wait a while. Anthony pays a visit to his home at Sanlogan, and finds Phillis Day quite indifferent to him.

CHAPTER XXI.—MIXED MOTIVES

Woman's at best a contradiction still."

MUCH to the surprise of everybody who knew the Lukes, Rachel went with the family in August for the annual holiday, and Miss Luke stayed at home to keep house. For several weeks Miss Luke had been growing more practically religious, or, as some people put it, religious in a more practical way. She had undertaken the management of the factory girls' working society in connection with the Burt Street Mission. She even took a class in the Burt Street Sunday School occasionally when help was urgently needed, and she had (before the members of her own family) withdrawn all she had said in disparagement of the Rev. Paul Vincent.

"I admit I did not like him at first," she said in explanation of her unexpected right-about-face. "But I was never so violently opposed to him as Jessie."

"Yes, you were, and a great deal more," the latter interrupted.

"Now, Jessie, don't be rude. You said

things at the Dorcas meeting that I would never think of saying."

"Oh, wouldn't you? Trust your tongue for saying nice things when your temper is up."

"I don't deny that I've been horrid sometimes; all girls are when they are put out, and I'm not going to excuse myself."

"Oh, aren't you? I should like to know what other name you would give to it," Jessie interrupted.

"Well, I only wanted to say that I think Mr. Vincent is doing a very good work at Burt Street. I'm not saying that I like his preaching or his looks. He isn't a bit clerical in his appearance, but I think he is a very sincere and hard-working young man; and I admire sincerity wherever I find it, and I've promised to help him in any way in which he thinks I can be useful."

"That's a very proper spirit, Jane," Mr. Luke remarked. "A very proper spirit."

"It's a pity Burt Street is where it is," Mrs. Luke interposed. "It's anything but

The Awakening of Anthony Weir

a nice neighbourhood for respectable people to go to."

"Oh, nobody will run away with me, mother," Miss Luke said jocularly.

"No such luck," Jessie murmured under her breath. For in her heart Jessie believed that Jane, being the elder, stood in the way of her advancement matrimonially.

"If Jane could only be got off," she once remarked to Mrs. Bilstone, "there would be a chance for me."

Miss Luke took no one wholly into her confidence. Why should she? She had reached years of discretion. She was twenty-eight, though she flattered herself she did not look it. Moreover, the thoughts that flitted through her brain, and the hopes that throbbed in her heart might remain only thoughts and hopes to the end of the chapter—they might never be crystallised into actualities. In that lay the sorrow and tragedy of life. Hence she would make herself a laughing-stock if she took even her dearest friends into her confidence, and her hopes came to nothing—for of course her friends would let her secret out—that was the worst of women, they never could keep a secret.

Paul Vincent little guessed what he was doing when he enlisted the sympathies of Miss Luke. It was his one divergence from the straight path of absolute sincerity. But so nicely poised is the moral world that even the smallest deviation brings penalties that seem out of proportion to the moral disturbance.

Paul wanted to cultivate the acquaintance of Rachel, and Rachel was as shy and as difficult to catch as a wren. At least it appeared so to him; but then he did not understand the domestic economy of the Luke household, consequently his judgment was very considerably at fault.

But finding direct attack a failure, he attempted strategy. Thinking the matter out in the solitude of his dingy little room, he came to the conclusion that he might get at Rachel through her cousin. For, strange as it may seem, Paul felt that he must get to know Rachel better. At first he had not the remotest idea what ailed him. To be constantly thinking about a pretty face; to pause for a quarter of an hour in the middle of composing a sermon to dream of the sweetest smile he had ever seen; to be ever on the look-out when in the streets for a dainty and simply-dressed figure, were things so new in his experience

that he did not know what to make of them, or what they meant.

To make matters worse, Rachel appeared to avoid him. After that experience in the rain she kept out of his way. On the following Wednesday evening she did not come to the service, and when he next called on the Lukes he found to his consternation that they were all at home—all except Rachel. He waited and waited, and talked in a half-hearted and intermittent way, hoping that she would put in an appearance. He was too shy to ask for her—too lacking in diplomacy to bring in her name in any round-about way. So in the end he took his departure with a strange ache in the region of heart, which after a while gave place to a hope that he would meet her in the street returning home.

But she was not in the street. She was in the house all the time. The next time he saw her she sat demurely in her pew in Martyr Gate Chapel—sat at the far end almost hidden behind a pillar. In the opinion of her relatives it was not at all necessary that Rachel should be seen. Her hat was from last year's stock, and her jacket was even older, and who in the stylish congregation would want to look twice or even once on last year's fashions?

Miss Luke and Miss Jessie were attired in the very newest. Their hats were direct from Paris, imported as patterns by their father. They therefore sat in the centre of the pew, and sat stiffly upright.

Paul Vincent, with the inherent stupidity of a man, did not see them. Whenever his eyes wandered in that direction—and they wandered very frequently—he saw one sweet, intent face just escaping behind the pillar, and he saw nothing else.

He tried to hurry out of the vestry at the close of the service, that he might intercept the Lukes in the street and so get a word with Rachel; but Mr. Tomms the secretary wanted a word with him. It was only a trivial matter, and Paul listened with ill-concealed impatience; but when he got into the street the Lukes had vanished, and he saw no more of Rachel that week.

When Anthony returned and took up his own work, Paul practically said good-bye to Martyr Gate. He was very glad except for one thing: he would have no more opportunity of preaching to Rachel. He had imbibed a curious notion that he preached better when she was present—

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perhaps he did, for he felt she was interested and sympathetic, whoever else might be indifferent.

But he got no nearer to her. Whether she purposely avoided him, or whether it was the result of accident, he did not know; but one thing grew daily more clear to him, and that was, that in some way Rachel Luke was necessary to him—necessary to his happiness and to his usefulness.

Men who reach the age of twenty-six before they fall in love generally take the disease badly. Paul Vincent was no exception to the rule. When he discovered what was happening, or what had happened, he let himself go. The sensation was so delightful that he made not the least attempt either to ward off or to mitigate the attack. Most men go through a number of preliminary exercises. They usually begin about the age of eighteen, and sometimes suffer acutely for the space of two or three weeks; after that they frequently have a number of skirmishes with Cupid, so that by the time they are five-and-twenty they have grown somewhat familiar with the symptoms and sensations, and are not disposed to give in before they are compelled.

But Paul, not having been in love before, gave himself up as lost—or won—without parley. He did, of course, excuse himself on the ground that there never had been any one like Rachel before, and never could be again as long as the world stood; for that reason he was justified in flinging all his previous notions to the winds, and struggling for the prize with all the strength and energy he possessed.

The more Rachel kept out of his way the more ardently he desired to win her, and the more fiercely flamed the passion of his love. He made a hundred resolutions of a more or less heroic kind, but they came to nothing. He would go straight to the house and ask to see her, or he would interview Mr. Luke and ask him for permission to make love to his niece; or he would waylay Rachel some Sunday or Wednesday evening, and storm the citadel of her heart without warning. But he did none of these things. He was too shy and timid, too doubtful of his own powers.

One afternoon he did meet Rachel accidentally. He came upon her suddenly at a street corner and found he was going her way. He blushed like a school-boy when she held out her hand to him, and made a

remark about the weather which was the very opposite of the truth.

It took them nearly fifteen minutes to reach Mr. Luke's house, and Rachel talked all the time and he answered in monosyllables. He had often pictured to himself such a meeting during the last few weeks, and had composed any number of speeches that would be suitable to such an occasion. Now, when he wanted them, they had all completely vanished.

Rachel wondered what it was that made him so absent-minded, for he constantly said no when she was quite sure he meant yes, and *vice versa*.

She left him at length staring after her in dumb misery and despair. She smiled at him for a moment when she turned and closed the door, and wondered again what made him so silent and distraught.

His wits came back to him when she had disappeared, and he remembered with painful distinctness not unmixed with chagrin all he wanted to say.

For a moment he debated whether or no to go up to the door and ring; but his courage was not equal to the enterprise, and with a sigh he turned away.

"I shall see her again some time," he said to himself, "and then I will tell her everything." But for some reason the "some time" was long in coming.

Meanwhile Miss Luke had become distinctly friendly, and he had encouraged the friendliness; but in this matter he did not act with a single eye, and later on he had to pay the penalty.

Miss Luke had heard incidentally that Mr. Vincent came of a very good family; also that in time he might not be entirely dependent on his stipend. She was bound to admit also that though he was not by any means what people termed good-looking, and that in appearance he was anything but clerical, yet on the other hand there was a certain rugged strength about his face that was decidedly attractive. Furthermore, though the position of a Nonconformist minister was not particularly inviting from a social point of view it was nevertheless an honourable estate, and decidedly to be preferred to the prosaic realm of spinsterdom. In her young days she had declared that she would not marry a minister if there were no other kind of man left on the face of the earth. But people often said foolish things in their youth, especially girls. She had grown

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wiser since then. Besides, if she was ever to get a husband at all she must make haste about it. Mr. Vincent was disposed to be friendly. He had once put himself to considerable trouble in order to accept her invitation to tea. That in itself was suggestive, and might mean a great deal.

The more Miss Luke thought about the matter the better she liked the idea, the more she saw of Mr. Vincent the more she liked him. To be Miss Luke all the days of her life was not an inviting prospect, she resolved therefore to change her name if possible to Mrs. Vincent.

The young minister appeared to fall into the trap with great readiness. Her offers of service he accepted with apparent delight, and when she was compelled to stay late at meetings, with great readiness and gallantry he accompanied her home.

The practical turn therefore of Miss Luke's religious life was not quite as other-worldly as would appear on the surface. One of the first to see through her little scheme was Rachel, and though it meant a holiday for her at the sea-side, it must be said that Rachel was not so grateful for this favour as she might have been.

During the holidays Miss Luke developed quite a number of little schemes for the benefit of the poor of Burt Street. In fact philanthropies sprouted from her like shoots from a pollard willow in the spring-time. Scarcely a day passed but she had to consult Mr. Vincent about some new work of charity in which she was anxious to engage, and he, with the singleness of aim which characterised him in all things but one, entered with readiness and infinite sympathy into her plans. He accepted her invitations to afternoon tea that he might discuss ways and means for the accomplishment of all they had in their hearts to do.

Had his mind been less full of Rachel, and his heart less intent on winning her, he might have seen where all this was bound to lead.

People began to remark on their being so much together, and the rumour being once started that the Rev. Paul Vincent was paying great attention to Miss Luke, it quickly spread throughout the entire social circle of which Martyr Gate was the centre. Not only did it spread, but it grew, gathering up many interesting details from day to day, as is the nature of gossip to do.

Miss Luke heard some of these early

whispers, and smiled with much satisfaction. But Paul, being as blind as a beetle, went quietly on his way dreaming of Rachel, and wondering when an opportunity would be given him in which he might declare his love.

Before Rachel returned he went for his own holidays, so that fully two months passed away without his once seeing the sweet brown eyes that had first lighted the fire of his love. Miss Luke wrote to him more than once during his absence concerning her philanthropic schemes, and he had replied, as he was in duty bound to do. He did not think that Miss Luke would inform all and sundry whom she met that she had heard from Mr. Vincent, and that these people would put their own interpretation upon the fact.

How he longed to write to Rachel in those days! More than once he was strongly tempted to open his heart to her, to write her a long letter and tell her frankly all the truth. Had he yielded to the temptation he might have avoided some unpleasant complications.

But his courage failed him when he took his pen in hand. He wanted to be more sure of his ground first. Rachel might simply laugh at him and put a sudden end to everything.

It was the first week in October when he returned again to Workingham, and his first visit was to the house of Mr. Luke, ostensibly to confer with Miss Luke about the work at Burt Street, in reality to see Rachel. His heart was aching for a sight of her face. He had dreamed about her all the way back. He cared nothing about philanthropy just then. Burt Street and all its belongings were of secondary importance. It was Rachel that filled his heart, and filled it to the exclusion of everything else.

But Rachel was not visible. No one was visible, in fact, for the first half-hour but Miss Luke. Then Miss Jessie sailed into the room, and giggled in a knowing, but to Paul quite a puzzling fashion. Later still Mrs. Luke came upon the scene, and condescended to be exceedingly gracious and affable.

Paul looked toward the door constantly, and strained his ears to catch a footfall that should tell of the presence of the girl he loved.

He grew desperate at length. "Isn't Miss Rachel at home?" he stammered.

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"Oh, yes, she's about somewhere," Mrs. Luke said indifferently, and then launched out again in praise of the self-denying efforts of her eldest daughter.

Paul rose to his feet at the first pause in her talk.

"I have been away so long that I want to see as many people as I can now I've got back," he said desperately.

"I might as well see the whole family now I am here," he said.

"Perhaps you would like to see the servants also?" Jessie said saucily.

"Oh, well, I should not in the least object," he said with a laugh, much wondering at his temerity.

Mrs. Luke walked across the room and touched the bell. She considered it very



"WANTS TO SEE ME?" SHE QUESTIONED

"Have you seen Mr. Luke?"

The question seemed a very godsend. "Oh, yes, I saw him at the shop-door as I passed. In fact, I've seen all the family now except Miss Rachel. May I not see her also?"

"If you particularly wish it, of course," Mrs. Luke said shortly, while Miss Luke frowned, and Jessie giggled.

rude of Mr. Vincent to ask to see Rachel; it seemed like putting her on an equality with her own daughters, and she showed by the manner in which she carried her head that she was not at all pleased.

"Tell Rachel that Mr. Vincent wishes to see her," she said to the maid who answered the bell, then with a stiff bow to Paul she left the room.

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CHAPTER XXII.—FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD

"How sweet to hear one's own convictions
From a stranger's mouth."

RACHEL came into the room flushed and heated from the kitchen. She had known for a full hour that Paul was in the house, but she had no hope of seeing him. Her aunt and cousins preferred that she should keep out of the drawing-room when they had company, and it was her nature not to obtrude herself where she was not wanted.

"Wants to see me?" she questioned, with a little flutter at her heart, when the housemaid brought her aunt's message.

"Yes, miss," was the laconic answer.

Rachel hesitated for a moment. Should she go just as she was straight from the kitchen, or should she toil up to her own room at the top of the house and put on a smarter dress and smooth her tousled hair?

"It will only take me a moment," she reflected, and she made a rush and nearly collided with her aunt in the hall.

"Go to him at once," Mrs. Luke said with great dignity. "What in the world he can want to see you about beats me; but go, for he's waiting—and a pretty fright you look," she added as Rachel turned toward the drawing-room door.

A deeper flush than kitchen fire could make mounted to her cheeks, but she dared not answer back. The next minute she was in the presence of Paul Vincent and her cousins.

"Oh sweet-eyed throstle," Paul's heart said as she came shyly forward.

The hot flush quickly faded from her face, and her soft brown eyes looked appealingly up into his.

Her aunt had called her a fright, but she looked with other eyes than Paul's. He thought she had never looked so winsome, nor so worthy to be loved.

He held out his hand to her as she advanced, and tried to look his love into her eyes. Ah, if he were only alone with her now he would not be dumb! Two months of separation had made him desperate.

He grasped her hand so tightly that she could have shrieked, and yet she did not flinch. He saw the colour come back to her cheek again for a moment, then it vanished suddenly, leaving her paler than before.

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He held her hand as long as he dared and pressed it tightly a second time, and she, looking into his eyes, wondered if she could read aright.

"I hope you will not think me rude," he said; "but I had seen all the others, and so to make my visit complete, shall I say, I asked to see you also."

"And I suggested that he should see the kitchen-maid and cook," Jessie interrupted with a giggle.

"It is very kind of you," Rachel answered quietly, without looking at her cousin. "I hope you enjoyed your holiday."

"Yes—yes—I think so," he stammered. "Still, I am glad to get back again;" and he tried once more to look his love into her eyes, but if she understood she made no sign.

A few commonplaces followed and then he took his departure, while Rachel retraced her steps to the kitchen.

Ten minutes' brisk walking and Paul found himself in Nelson Street and close to the house in which Anthony Weir lodged.

"I'll call and see him," he reflected, and the next moment he was pulling at the door-bell. He waited for some time, and, as nobody answered, he pulled again. A minute later a firm quick footstep sounded in the passage, the door was pulled open, and Hugh Colvin stood before him.

The two men shook hands instantly, Hugh explaining the while that Mrs. Tynan was out and that he presumed Betsey was gossiping over the back-garden fence.

"And Mr. Weir. Is he in?" Paul questioned.

"No, he is not; I believe he has gone out somewhere to dinner."

"You might tell him, if you have the chance, that I've called," Paul said; "but excuse me, how well you are looking."

"The tan has not had time to wear off yet," Hugh answered with a laugh. "I've been back barely a week."

"Had a good time?"

"Delightful."

So they parted, and Hugh went back to his study to live over again the delightful time he had had in the west country.

When Hugh yielded to the persuasions of an old college chum to go with him to the quaint little fishing-village of Porthliddy to spend his holiday he did so with many

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HUGH ADVANCED CLOSE TO WHERE SHE SAT, THEN STOPPED SUDDENLY

misgivings. He had never heard of Porthliddy before, and though he was anxious to get away from the madding crowd, he was not anxious to be too far away from it.

"What you want," said his friend Dick Penry, "is absolute change and rest. You've nearly worked yourself to death, and you know it. You've stewed in the slums of

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Workingham through the greater part of the dog days until you are as pale as a ghost and as thin as a money-spider. Now at Porthliddy you will get just the change you need. A beautiful sea, lovely cliffs, a glorious beach. The quaintest little village in the world. Wooded hills at the back, and just over the hill an inland lake separated from the sea by a bank of white shingle. No brass bands or hurdy-gurdys or nigger minstrels, no pier or pavilion or Aunt Sallys. No, my friend, at Porthliddy you have nature unadorned. If you want sea-fishing you can have it. If you want fresh-water fishing you can have it. If you want to loiter in the woods or through leafy lanes you've only to walk out of the back door, and if you want to lie and bask on the cliffs there's nobody to prevent you. Now, what do you say?"

"I'll go," Hugh answered dubiously, and he went, and three days later he regretted it. Dick had been to Porthliddy before, and knew quite a number of fishermen. Moreover, nothing pleased Dick so much as sea-fishing, so he left Hugh to his own devices while he ventured his life on the rolling deep.

On the fourth day Hugh got interested. In strolling along the cliffs he came to the bar that separated the sea from Logan Mere.

"Oh, this is a delightful combination," he said to himself. "Wood and lake and cliff and sea all together;" and he turned off in the shadow of the trees along the mere side.

On and on he rambled, round curves and bays and promontories, and still the lake stretched away inland.

"I must not go too far in this direction," he said to himself at length, "or I shall be losing my whereabouts; but I wonder if there is a way to Porthliddy without going all the way back again by the cliffs."

For another quarter of a mile he sauntered on, and then he pulled himself up suddenly. A little way in front of him on a rustic seat sat a young lady with an open book on her knee. She was no other, in fact, than Phillis Day.

"Now I wonder if I may speak to her and ask a civil question?" Hugh said to himself, and he stroked his chin and reflected.

"I think I'll risk it at any rate," he went on, and he continued his walk.

Phillis looked up at length, hearing a
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footstep approaching, but she bestowed on the stranger only a passing glance. Yet it was sufficient to assure her that he was a stranger and a gentleman.

Hugh advanced close to where she sat, then stopped suddenly.

Phillis looked up again.

"Pardon me, madam," he said, raising his hat, "but would you tell me if there is a nearer way from this point to Porthliddy than returning by the cliffs?"

"Oh yes," she said, rising to her feet and smiling, "there is a much nearer way. A few hundred yards farther on there is a path to the left, which will bring you out into the main road, then turn to the left again, and it will take you straight to Porthliddy."

"Thank you very much," he said. "I am glad I have not to return the way I came."

"You must be careful, however, not to miss the path just beyond the next bend of the mere, or you will find yourself in Sanlogan."

"I beg your pardon," he said. "What place did you say?"

Phillis repeated the name.

"Sanlogan," he said as if to himself. "I have heard that name before. Now I remember. Perhaps you know the Rev. Anthony Weir?"

"Yes, indeed," Phillis answered with a slight blush. "We have known each other ever since we were children."

"Well, how strange!" Hugh replied. "I had no idea I was coming anywhere near his home."

"Then you know him?" Phillis questioned.

"Well, rather! As it happens we have rooms in the same house, so that we see a good deal of each other."

A knowing look came into Phillis's eyes. "Oh, then you are Mr. Colvin," she said.

"Hugh Colvin is my name," he answered slowly, and he wondered in what relation this exceedingly pretty girl stood to Anthony Weir. Also what Anthony Weir had said about him.

"Anthony was home for a short holiday a month ago," she said, "and he talked about you then, also he has mentioned you lots of times in his letters."

"Oh, indeed;" and Hugh's wonder grew. Was this sweet-eyed girl Anthony Weir's sister, or was she——? But no, that could scarcely be possible, for it was

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clear to every one in Workingham that he was paying court to Adela Butler, and trying his best to out-distance Dick Wembly in the race for her hand.

Phillis was quick to catch the tone of inquiry in his voice and to feel all that it implied, and a faint suggestion of colour spread itself over her neck and face.

"Now I have puzzled you," she said with a bright smile, "so I will introduce myself. I am Phillis Day—perhaps you have heard Anthony speak of me."

"No," he said hesitatingly, "I think not. I do not remember hearing him mention your name;" and an uneasy suspicion began to creep into his mind.

Phillis felt that she had only succeeded in making matters worse, and the faint suggestion of colour became a decided blush. She saw now that she would have to make a clean breast of it. It was perhaps a little humiliating to find that Anthony and Hugh Colvin had lived in the same house for more than a year, and that in all Anthony's talks about his home and his friends he had never mentioned her name. Still, it did not matter. She assured herself that she did not mind in the least; perhaps she minded more than she knew.

"Please don't think me vain," she said with a bright laugh; "but you see we are the only near neighbours of the Weirs, and we have been in the habit of running in and out without ceremony. Anthony and I have grown up together almost from childhood, and have been like brother and sister, and even now his mother gives me his letters to read; so that is the reason your name is familiar."

"I hope he has dealt mercifully with me," Hugh said, suppressing a laugh.

"Or, justly?" she questioned with a smile.

"Nay, nay, mercy is the quality that I desire to have shown to me."

"Ah, then you will have to give us an opportunity of knowing you. Won't you come on to Weir's mill and see his people?"

"I shall be delighted. Is it far from here?"

"Oh, no. Less than a mile taking in all the curves and bays."

"How fortunate I am to have met you," he said as they walked away together. "Do you know, I have often felt curious to know who or what Mr. Weir's people were."

"Why?"

"Because his reticence provoked my curiosity; moreover, I have felt that the history of his mental development would be interesting. When you know something of a man's moral and intellectual life you naturally want to know what his environment has been."

"And has Anthony given you no clue to that?"

"Scarcely any. I don't know why, but I could never induce him to speak of his pre-college days."

"That is strange, for he is scarcely of the reticent kind."

"On most other matters I have found him free even to communicativeness, but about his early life he has been singularly silent."

"I hope he has not felt ashamed of us," Phillis reflected, with her eyes bent upon the ground. Then aloud: "So you know practically nothing about his people?"

"I know that his parents are living, but that is all; whether he has any brothers or sisters, cousins or aunts, is a matter concerning which I am entirely ignorant."

"How nicely you will be able to turn the tables on him when you get back," she said, raising a pair of bright eyes to his, "for you will not find his people at all reticent on the subject."

"Has he brothers and sisters, then?"

"He has one brother, Stephen, of whom in his heart I am sure he is very fond. I have been his only sister, but I fear he has had no occasion to be proud of me," and she raised her laughing eyes to his again.

"He must be a brute if he is not proud of you," Hugh said to himself. Then to her: "His reticence becomes more and more puzzling."

"Oh, no," she answered gaily. "You haven't the remotest idea what humdrum people we are down here. We don't live, we only stagnate, though on the whole we enjoy the stagnation— No, please don't look like that, or I shan't tell you any more."

"Look like what?"

"Do you think I could not see the mental note—in capitals—'I write this to your shame'?"

"Then for once, Miss Day, you are utterly wrong," he said with a laugh, "for my mental note was, 'Wise people these,' and I will go even further than that and

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say, to be discontented in such an Eden as this would be a sin."

"Then you have an eye for scenery?" she questioned gaily. "I am very glad."

"I hope I appreciate beauty of every description," he said, looking frankly into her upturned eyes. "But you were going to explain Mr. Weir's reticence."

"No, I was not, I was going to excuse it."

"That is generous of you."

"Is it? Well, I hope it is. You see Anthony left us far in the rear years ago. Into the realm of metaphysics and moral philosophy, and all the other dry-as-dust subjects we could not follow him. And—it is a sad confession to make, I grant—I am afraid we did not want to follow. You will begin to understand soon how ignorant we are—"

"Well?"

"Well, the ignorance of one's friends is not a subject he can talk about with enthusiasm."

"Ah, now I understand," he said, laughing; "how kind of him to try to screen you all."

"Exactly. But don't you hint such a thing to his mother, or I shall not be able to screen you."

"She does not realise the sadness of her mental condition?" he questioned with mock seriousness.

"She realises the sadness of his," was the laughing answer. And then Weir's mill came into sight.

"What a delightfully picturesque place," Hugh said, standing still and surveying the scene.

"The old mill is especially beautiful, I think," Phillis said with a little sigh. "It has been in the Weir family for generations, I believe."

"And is that Mr. Weir's house nestling there among the trees?"

"No, that happens to be my home."

"May I—" and then he paused suddenly. He was forgetting that he had not known Phillis Day for more than ten minutes.

Phillis looked at him and burst out laughing.

"Oh, yes, you may call," she said. "We don't stand on ceremony in this out-of-the-way part of the world. My father will be glad to see any friend of Anthony's. I have no mother—nor brother, nor sister," she added after a pause.

"Then I shall not fail to call," he said.

"But not now. You must go and see the Weirs first. I will take you and introduce you;" and they began to climb the hill together.

CHAPTER XXIII.—FRIENDS NEW AND OLD

"The man should make the hour, not this the man."

MRS. WEIR stared in astonishment when she saw Phillis coming up the garden path with a strange gentleman. She was standing in the porch waiting for her husband, for it was the tea hour, and she was expecting him every moment to appear in sight.

"I have brought a stranger to see you, Mrs. Weir," Phillis said as soon as she got within speaking distance; "a friend of Anthony's."

"Then he is welcome," and the pleasant patient face lighted up with one of her sweetest smiles.

"Miss Day tells me that your son has often mentioned my name," Hugh said. "Colvin, my name is—Hugh Colvin."

"Mentioned your name, I should think he has," and the old lady came down the steps to greet him.

"Now I will leave you," Phillis said, "for I find it is tea-time, and father will be expecting me."

"No, please don't go," Hugh said in a tone of genuine entreaty.

"Mrs. Weir will need all your attention," she laughed. "But I shall expect to see you soon at Beaver Bank;" and she turned and tripped lightly down the garden path.

"Beautiful girl that," Mrs. Weir said, speaking as much to herself as to Hugh. "She has not her equal in Sanlogan; nay, nor in the county."

She then led the way into the house followed by Hugh.

"And you are Mr. Colvin," she said, speaking with an air of abstraction. "Yes, Anthony has often spoken of you. And you live in the same house with him—well, well. Of course we are very proud of Anthony;" and then she sighed—"Perhaps he is not so proud of us." The words were uttered almost before she was aware. The fear had haunted her for many months.

"Yes, I always wanted him to be a minister," she went on after a pause. "It is the noblest of all callings. Ah, to be

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called of God to preach good tidings to the poor; to care for neither wealth nor rank; to desire nothing among men save—save——” and her voice died away in a whisper, and a rapt expression came into her eyes.

“I am afraid that very few of us have reached that point of absolute self-surrender,” he replied.

she spoke of her son Stephen and of Phillis, and then her sweet pathetic face would brighten as though a ray of sunshine fell upon it. She confided in Hugh that she had hoped that Phillis would become her daughter in reality, but since Anthony's last visit that hope had gone out in darkness.

Hugh was greatly interested in her talk, and was sorry when at length it came to a



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“But Anthony is successful?” she questioned, without heeding his remark.

“He is very popular indeed.”

“Ah, popular. I do not very much care for the word; I want to hear that he is adding seals to his ministry.”

During the next quarter of an hour Mrs. Weir did nearly all the talking, and the talk was mainly about Anthony; but through it all there was an undertone of regret and disappointment. Now and then

sudden end by the appearance of Gregory Weir.

Gregory had not very much respect for a man who was merely a curate, and who gave away a considerable portion of his exceedingly modest salary. It implied a lack of worldly wisdom, of business aptitude, and even of mental strength and alertness. Nevertheless, for Anthony's sake he treated Hugh with great cordiality, joined his wife in insisting that he should stay to tea, and

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improved the occasion by treating Hugh to sundry reflections on "the gospel of getting on."

Hugh understood Anthony better after that visit to Weir's mill, for he saw what forces had been at work in the building of his character.

The following afternoon found Hugh at Beaver Bank, where he was introduced to Captain Day, and was treated to a good deal of local history and to some delightful sea-stories; and so charmed was the Captain with his guest—as a listener—that he urged him to come again the following day for a further instalment of history and romance.

Hugh was quite as ready to accept as the Captain was to give the invitation. What could be more delightful than to sit in the shadow of the trees, looking across the shining water to the distant range of hills, and listening to the Captain's jovial yarns of what happened a generation ago? And yet there was something even more delightful than that. And that was to look at Phillis as she sat opposite them engaged in some fancy-work, or flitted about playing the part of hostess.

Truly he was getting the change he needed. After the reek and noise and dust of a big city it was like heaven to loiter in this sylvan paradise and smell the fragrance of the ripening fruit, and listen to the birds singing all day long, and dream of an even better paradise that the future might unfold.

After his meeting with Phillis he was quite content that his friend Dick Penry should follow his bent and spend his days in an open boat with the fishermen.

There were many places of interest around Sanlogan, and the Captain insisted that Phillis should take the curate to see them. Phillis raised no objection, for it was a change from the somewhat dull routine of her daily life. Not only so, she enjoyed Hugh Colvin's company. Now and then she found herself wishing that Anthony Weir was more like him. This man evidently believed in his call, and was prepared to be "obedient to the heavenly vision" whatever the consequences might be. It was only on very rare occasions that he could be induced to talk about himself or his work; but on those occasions there could be no mistaking his tone or look, or the significance of his words. The ministry to him was beyond all doubt a sacred thing

—a trust received from God. What it might mean to him personally was clearly a matter of very secondary consequence. It might mean poverty and neglect and persecution; it might mean unrecognised toil, unappreciated devotion, unavailing sacrifice. Still he would account it an honour and a joy to serve at the altars of God.

He never said this in so many words, but Phillis was none the less sure that he meant it, and she honoured him in consequence. He was no ascetic, no sentimentalist, no flabby pietist, no mere priest. He was before all things a man—and a man of God—with a passionate love for all things beautiful whether in nature or art; with an intensely human interest in all that concerned men and women and little children; with a genuine appreciation of all forms of healthy amusement and pleasure; and an abiding conviction that the religion of Jesus Christ was the most human thing in the world and the most divine.

He was always an optimist, whatever the weather might be or the state of his health, and generally speaking he was able to communicate something of his optimism to others. He might be beaten in argument; as a controversialist he was not to be mentioned with Anthony Weir; but nothing disturbed the quiet serenity of his faith. Things were not necessarily wrong because he could not prove they were right.

Before he and Phillis had known each other a week they both felt as though they had known each other always, and every day the old Captain looked out for the curate to come and have a smoke with him, and very rarely was he disappointed.

Now and then Hugh apologised for obtruding his presence so often, but the Captain would not hear of it.

"Where else would you go?" he would say in his bluff fashion. "Your friend surely doesn't expect you to moon about all day by yourself, does he?"

"But it is very kind of you to let me come here, and talk to you and smoke your cigars, when I have not the least claim on your hospitality."

"Oh, don't mention the hospitality. I like your company. It is a change, and I hope you don't object to mine?"

"If I did I should not come."

"Then let us cry quits. You can't get cigars like these every day."

Hugh smiled, and looked at the smoke

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curling above his head. "No," he said; "we have smoke of another sort in Workingham."

If the Captain did not understand what he meant Phillis did.

The days sped away all too rapidly. Hugh felt almost resentful sometimes that time was stealing his holiday so fast. He wanted to go back to the beginning and start again. It was now September, and most of the harvest had been gathered in, but the summer weather still continued.

The wind blew straight in from the sea over Logan Mere, and the sky was just one mighty dome of perfect blue.

Now and then Hugh wondered if such a happy time would ever come to him again. He might find some other place equally sweet and restful, but would he ever find strangers who would prove such friends, a companion so fair, and sweet, and unspoiled by the world?

The more he studied Phillis the more he was interested. Her loveliness seemed to grow from day to day. Her devotion to her father was the most tenderly pathetic thing he had ever seen. Her perfect grace and charm of manner was a daily surprise. Had she lived in this secluded nook all the days of her life, with no friends but her books and the homely folk of Sanlogan, and with no teachers but the silent forces of Nature, her own heart, and the good Spirit of God?

Well, and if not, were they not sufficient? Certainly no city-bred girl he had ever met showed greater breadth of culture than this country maiden.

Now and then he found his thoughts hovering between Phillis and Anthony Weir. He was quite certain from little hints that Mrs. Weir and even the Captain had let fall now and then that Anthony had paid Phillis a great deal of attention at one time, and that it was regarded as an almost settled thing that some day they would become man and wife. Then why had not Anthony followed up his advantage? What demon of folly had possessed him to let a treasure like this slip out of his hands? Was he in this matter as in other matters influenced merely by worldly considerations? Was he wooing Adela Butler for the sake of her fortune?

Hugh's respect for Anthony had been a diminishing quantity for some time past; but the deliberate flinging over of Phillis Day—if he had flung her over—for a woman

of the calibre of Adela Butler simply because she had more money, was an act that filled Hugh's soul with loathing and contempt.

Yet on the other hand he could not help feeling profoundly grateful that this noble-minded girl was not chained to a man who was unworthy of her. He did not deny Anthony's many good qualities. He was a student, a preacher, an organiser, a man of affairs. Indeed he possessed many of the qualities that go to the make-up of a great man, and some day, perhaps, if he could ever rise superior to that lower self that held him in bondage, he might show to the world the stuff of which he was made; but until that day should come, he was not worthy of the love of a woman like Phillis Day.

Phillis could very rarely be induced to talk about Anthony. She was disappointed in him; bitterly so. In her girlish faith and enthusiasm she had hoped great things of him; but he had disappointed all her hopes, and worse still, had forfeited her respect. There was a time when in a vague undefined way she had felt that she belonged to him. She knew that everybody expected that in time they would marry, and she by a very natural sequence of events had arrived at the same conclusion. She was never quite certain that she loved him. The mighty and overmastering passion that she had read about in books had never come her way. She was not sure that it existed anywhere except in the brains of novelists. She did, however, like him. He had been her friend and companion for so many years that it would be very strange if she had not done so; and if at one time he had asked her to be his wife, she had little doubt that she would have said yes as a matter of course.

But that time was over and could never be recalled. Little by little he had passed out of her life. She was sorry, but not for herself. She would not pick up the old threads and reunite them if she had the power to do so. She not only knew him better than she had ever known him before, but she knew herself better. The gift of inward vision had come to her. At last she was able to read aright her own heart.

So, as she could say nothing that was very flattering about her old companion, she preferred not to talk about him at all.

Yet Hugh was curious to know exactly how matters stood, or perhaps some other feeling than curiosity prompted him to

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broach the question. His holidays were nearing an end. In a few days he would take up the burden of life again, and, he hoped, with renewed strength and zeal.

He had been having afternoon tea with the Captain and Phillis in the garden, and the Captain had now retired to his favourite seat under the verandah for his usual smoke. Hugh found that the temptation to stay and talk to Phillis was stronger than the temptation of one of the Captain's best cigars.

"I shall never be grateful enough for your kindness to me," he said; "you have made my holiday a perfect delight."

"I am glad you have enjoyed your visit to our western county," she answered; "but please do not talk about kindness. Your visits have been a very great pleasure to us; besides, we feel as though we had known you quite a long time."

"In consequence of Mr. Weir having given a description of me in his letters?"

"No, I won't say he gave a description of you, but he mentioned you frequently."

"Not very flatteringly, I fear. You see Mr. Weir and I look at things from very different standpoints."

"That is very evident; but I can assure you of this, that none of us thought ill of you in consequence of anything Anthony said."

"I am glad of that; but indeed I might have known from the friendly way in which you all received me. I shall thank Weir when I get back."

"You return soon?"

"Yes, I have only two days more. Have you any message for your old friend and companion?"

"No, I think not," she answered in a tone of quiet unconcern; "it is not so long ago since he was here."

"But you were such fast friends, his mother tells me."

"Oh yes, that is quite true, and for that matter I suppose we are friends still. At any rate we never had any quarrel; but you see we cannot remain children always."

"No, that is so," he answered slowly; "it seems a pity sometimes that we cannot."

"Oh, I don't know. There seems to be compensation all along the line. Time is always robbing us of things we value, but at the same time it is always giving us new things in their place."

"Can the new things ever fill the place of the old?" he asked.

"I think so, and fill it even better sometimes. Some people are always regretting their losses. I think it is much more satisfactory to count one's gains."

"No doubt that is so; and yet there is something infinitely pathetic in the backward glance. I often wonder what has become of my early chums and comrades, and wonder still more that they could have passed so completely out of my life without my feeling it."

"The friends of childhood satisfy the child's heart," she answered with a smile. "Maturity demands more. That I expect is the explanation."

He looked at her for a moment, but did not reply. He thought he had found out a good deal of what he wanted to know. It seemed clear enough that whatever Anthony Weir might have been to her in the past he was nothing to her now; but why this knowledge should yield him any kind of satisfaction he did not stop to inquire.

He said good-bye to them that evening and to the Weirs. He did not expect he would have time, he said, to come round and see them again. But he managed to make the time somehow, for two evenings later he was seen smoking with the Captain under the verandah, and it was quite dark when he said good-bye to Phillis at the garden gate.

On his return to Workingham he sought Anthony at once to tell him the latest news from Sanlogan.

"My people are only humble folk," Anthony said in a tone of apology, and after that explanation he appeared to be indisposed to pursue the subject.

"Your father was very entertaining."

"Indeed!"

The tone was quite sufficient, and Hugh did not attempt to allude to Sanlogan again; but on the following morning Anthony pushed his head into Hugh's room and said—

"By the bye, Colvin, you need not tell people here that my father is only a miller."

For a moment Hugh felt as though he could not reply. Then with an effort he answered, "Very good, I will say nothing."

"Thank you;" and Anthony retired again to his own room.

(To be continued.)



"THE FINEST SHIP IN THE SERVICE" A PORT JACKSON COAL-BARGE

ON the 4th of July, 1814, the *Nelson*, then the finest and largest line-of-battle ship ever built in England, was launched at the King's Yard, Woolwich; on the 4th of July, 1900, the ship-breakers of Port Jackson were engaged in pulling her timbers apart preparatory to converting her hull into a coal-barge.

The *Naval Chronicle* of 1814, describing her launch, said that the Lords of the Admiralty were present; that she appeared a beautiful ship, and was the finest of the class ever built in British docks, "constructed purposely to commemorate the numerous and glorious victories achieved by the hero from whom she derives her name, and as a tribute of national gratitude to the memory of departed bravery and merit." The chronicler further informs his readers that "her head exemplifies the whole art, ingenuity, and workmanship of our professed artists; it is ornamented with the bust of our brave and ever to be lamented hero Nelson, supported by Fame and Britannia, with the motto 'England expects that every man will do his duty.' The stern is one of the most magnificent ever seen."

The ship was successfully launched in the presence of 20,000 spectators, and

among the distinguished company was Field-Marshal Blücher!

Poor old ship! From the day of her launch until more than forty years later her career was uneventful, and most of her time she was laid up in Ordinary in Portsmouth harbour. In 1859, when the Admiralty had accepted steam as inevitable, she was fitted with a screw propeller, and in the Sixties, when the ironclad had "arrived," she was lent to the Government of Victoria, Australia, for defence purposes; and she was navigated to Port Phillip by Commander Payne, afterwards Chief Harbour-master of the port of Melbourne. The ship arrived in 1867, and lay for years in Hobson's Bay. In 1881, for no reason known to common-sense, the Victorian Government spent £18,000 in converting her to a single-decker. For a few years longer she was used as a training-ship for the local naval defence force; and on the 21st of October, 1896, Commander Neville, the officer commanding the local naval forces, gave a dinner in her wardroom to commemorate Trafalgar. On that occasion among the distinguished company were the Governor of Victoria (Lord Brassey), the admiral on the Australian station (Rear-Admiral Bridge), and Commander Pasco

The Old "Nelson"

(since dead), the son of Nelson's flag-lieutenant who made the famous Trafalgar signal.

The *Nelson's* principal measurements were: Extreme length, 244 feet; extreme breadth to the outside of the main walls, 54 feet 6 inches; depth in the hold, 28 feet; perpendicular height from the underside of the false keel to the upper part of the taff-rail, 65 feet 2 inches; length of mainmast, 127 feet 2½ inches; main-topmast, 77 feet ¼ inch; length of mainyard, 109 feet 3 inches; diameter of mainyard, 2 feet 2 inches; bowsprit, 75 feet 1 inch; draught, 24 feet afore, 25 feet abaft; burden in tons, 2617½; complement in men, 875. Armament: Gun-deck, 32 guns (32-pounders); middle deck, 34 guns (24-pounders); upper deck, 34 guns (18-pounders); quarter-deck, 6 guns (12-pounders) and 10 carronades (23-pounders); forecastle, 2 guns (12-pounders) and 2 carronades (32-pounders)—in all 120 guns.

Three or four years ago a merchant vessel got ashore in Maroubra Bay, near Port Jackson, and in the attempts to haul her off the salvors used the *Nelson's* anchor—the heaviest obtainable in Australian waters.

Twenty years ago the Admiralty struck the old ship off the "Navy List," and replaced her with *Nelson* No. II, a 9-inch belted armour-clad built by John Elder and Sons on the Clyde. This ship was flag-ship on the Australian station until the later Eighties, and is now doing harbour service at Portsmouth.

The old *Nelson* was sold in April 1898 by auction in Melbourne, and was purchased by Mr. Bernard Einerson, of Sydney, for £2400. While the auction was proceeding a German band played "The Death of Nelson," and "Rule, Britannia!" After being used as a cold storage depôt and a hulk, she was this year towed round to Sydney, and at the time of writing the shipbreakers were busy upon her decks. It is intended to transform the old ship into a coal-barge of a carrying capacity of 3000 tons, and her top and gun-decks are to be made into floating pontoons. Her present owners also intend to dispose of some parts of her as mementoes, and a few relics are to be deposited in the Australian Museum at Sydney. The magnificent figure-head has been purchased by a Sydney resident, Mr. Laidley.

WALTER JEFFERY.

The Almond Tree

THE almond yesterday stood bare,
Leafless and sad in wintry air;
And now though still the air is chill
And the slim branches naked still,
Her boughs are heaped with rosy snow,
Till every little twig 's aglow.

For springs to be she takes no care,
She has no thought of springs that were.
She takes the east wind and pale sun
And nightly touch of frost as one
Delight. Secure of joy she stands,
The one flowered tree in English lands,

With rosy veil about her drawn
As soft as snow, as pink as dawn.
Her every twig; her every bough
Thrills with earth's deepest rapture now.
Though winter lingers glad is she—
The flowers are on the almond tree.

NORA HOPPER.



1603. SAMPLE OF SILVER CHINA, WINDSOR CASTLE

Old Pottery and China

BY ERNEST M. JESSOP

With special photographs from the Royal collection at Windsor.

"The Lord said to Jeremiah, Arise, and go down to the potter's house. Then I went down, and, behold, he wrought a work on the wheels. And the vessel that he made of clay was marred in the hand of the potter; so he made it again another vessel. And the Lord said, O house of Israel, cannot I do with you as this potter? Behold, as the clay is in the potter's hand, so are ye in mine."—Jer. xviii. 1-6.

AFTER the invention of weapons for assault, defence, the procuring of food, and possibly some kind of clothing, the making of vessels from baked clay is undoubtedly the most ancient of industries. No art has been more useful to man or more of a handmaiden to luxury; in none have such costly finished works been made from such cheap material; not any have employed the skill and genius of greater artists or scientists; nor have the masterpieces of any received at the hands of mankind a greater meed of admiration. To the lowliest of savages as to the most civilised of peoples the art of the potter has ever been a joy as well as a necessity.

The antiquity of the art is proved by the many allusions to it in writings of the most ancient date. In many cases the allusions, by incidentally disclosing the methods of manufacture, prove that these have undergone but little variation in the course of the vast period of time covered by its history.

Homer, in describing the shield of Achilles, says that a dance of figures forming a ring upon it has as much precision and rapidity

as the wheel of a potter put in motion by his hands. The process and shape of the wheel of to-day are practically the same as in his time, although steam or other motive powers have replaced manual labour for revolving the wheel. In the catacombs of Thebes, which were certainly in existence nineteen centuries before the birth of Christ, drawings have been discovered, portraying in a great variety of forms the processes of the potter's art as then practised. Here are represented potters kneading the paste by the process of treading; a man forming the dough into a mass for the wheel; two potters shaping articles on wheels; a cylindrical oven, the flames rising from the top as a man stirs the furnace beneath, and an oven after the baking is complete and the fire extinguished. From the open oven a man is removing the baked wares and handing them to another who piles them at his feet.

The greater part of the beautiful Greek vases discovered in comparatively modern times were made in the sixth and seventh centuries B.C., and some still later. Students of the classics will find in various works the names and inventions of the chief potters of ancient Greece frequently mentioned. Some of the most eminent of Grecian sculptors seem to have from time to time supplied the potters with both models and designs. For instance, the names, among others, of Phidias, Polycletes, and Myron are mentioned.

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But let us now turn to the oldest and still the best known home of the potter's art. Father Entrecolles, a French missionary who resided in China at the commencement of the eighteenth century, supplies some most interesting information. Writing in 1712, he says that at that time ancient porcelain was very highly prized and was sold for large prices. Articles were extant reputed to have belonged to the Emperors Yao and Chun. Yao reigned in 2357, and Chun in 2255 B.C. M. Stanislaus Julian also tells us he found in his researches that from the time of Hoang-ti, who reigned about 2698 B.C., there had always existed a public officer bearing the title of the Intendant of Pottery. Further evidence of the antiquity of the potter's art in China is supplied by Rossellini, Wilkinson, and others, who found numerous vases of Chinese manufacture bearing Chinese inscriptions, in the tombs of Thebes. One vase found by Rossellini bore Chinese characters which differed but slightly from those used at the present time. The tomb in which this was found was of the time of the Pharaohs, a little later than the eighteenth dynasty.

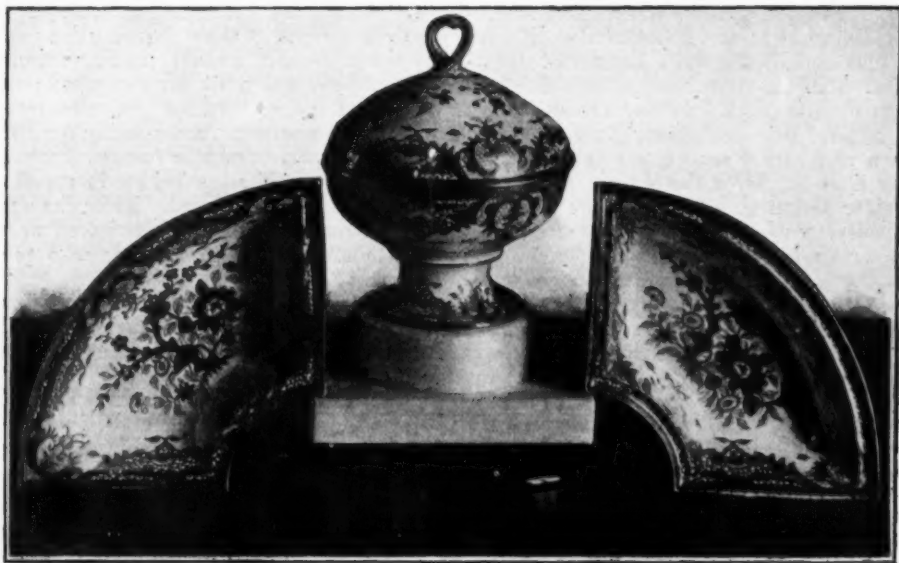
In the Chinese department of the Great Exhibition of 1851 was a complete collection of the various materials used in the great Porcelain Works of King Te Tching. This factory is one of the most ancient

and celebrated of those still existing in China. Father Entrecolles, already quoted, says that in 1712 there were then in operation at this place no fewer than 3000 ovens, which gave to the town at night the appearance of one vast furnace with numerous chimneys.

Ancient Chinese drawings still in existence show us how little the process of manufacture has varied in the course of ages, and also that many contrivances claimed as modern European inventions have been in use in the East for centuries.

To come to comparatively modern days, the first attempts made in Europe to fabricate a hard-glazed earthenware are attributed to the Moors of Spain. A factory upon a large scale was afterwards established in the Balearic Isles. The wares produced there and afterwards reproduced in Italy became known as Majolica, derived from Majorica or Majorca, the chief island of the Balearic group.

By far the most celebrated of the makers of Majolica was Lucca della Robbia, a celebrated Florentine sculptor, who was born about 1400 and lived until 1481. In this period he executed a large number of fine works, many of which are still in existence. Undoubted Della Robbia ware is still much sought after by connoisseurs, and when in the market commands very



1599. SAMPLE OF DRESDEN CHINA, WINDSOR CASTLE



ST. GEORGE'S HALL (EAST), WINDSOR

high prices. Some beautiful specimens may be seen at the South Kensington Museum.

The finest Italian Majolica was manufactured from 1500 to 1560. During this period some magnificent table services were produced for the great nobles. Factories were established all over Italy, but the most notable at the time named were those of Castel Durante and Florence. Gubbio, a

small town belonging to the dukes of Urbino, is likewise another famous name in the history of Majolica. Its finest works were there produced by Giorgio Andreoli about the year 1525. The city of Urbino also manufactured some of the grandest specimens extant. Its chief artists were Nicola da Urbino, who commenced as a potter about 1520; Francesco Xanto, 1520 to 1542; and, greatest of all, Orazio Fontana and his

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Old Pottery and China

family, who painted their wares from designs by Raffaele, Giulio Romano, and other of the great artists. In later times so greatly were their works admired, that the French king, Louis Quatorze, is said to have offered copies in gold in exchange for some of the originals in earthenware.

About the time of the finest Majolica manufacture arose the custom (continued down to the present day) of having specially magnificent services for domestic use manufactured as presents from one great potentate to another. Duke Guidobaldo II. of Tuscany caused to be executed at Pesaro a number of splendid services which he presented to sovereigns and other great personages. The chronicles of his time specially mention the service which he presented to the Emperor Charles V. This was made by Tadeo Zucarro and Battista Franca, under the direction of the brothers Orazio and Flaminio Fontana.

At Naples about the year 1740 began

the manufacture of the beautiful Capo di Monti ware. Shells, corals, and finely-modelled figures in high relief are its chief characteristics. Original specimens are now very rare and very valuable. Cups and saucers have been sold for £35 the pair and a snuff-box for as much as £31. Capo di Monti has been one of the most widely imitated of wares, but it is a very easy matter for an expert to separate the real from the imitation.

The fame of Della Robbia in Italy was equalled by that of Bernard Palissy in France. Palissy, one of the greatest of art potters, was born in 1510 at La Chapelle-Biron, a small village of the Perigord. He was the author of many published works, including one supposed to treat of his art, but in reality more of a record of his difficulties, his sacrifices, his sufferings, and his almost heroic perseverance. His parents being of the poorest, his early education consisted but of a know-

ledge of reading and writing; to this he himself added geometry, drawing, and modelling. He began as a worker in glass, but having seen a cup of enamelled pottery which took his fancy, at once set to work to discover the secret of the enamel. Experiment after experiment was made with fruitless results. The remonstrances of wife and friends were equally vain. When all his savings were spent and no more money could be borrowed, his very tables and chairs were burned to feed his furnace. At last with perseverance came success, the enamel was discovered, and his



1604. SAMPLE OF SÈVRES CHINA, WINDSOR CASTLE

pottery brought him both wealth and fame. Palissy throughout his career was a most uncompromising Protestant, and late in life, on account of the bold assertion of his principles, fell into trouble with the ecclesiastical authorities and was imprisoned in the Bastille. There he was visited by King Henri III., who said to him: "My good man, if you cannot conform yourself on the matter of religion, I shall be compelled to leave you in the hands of your enemies." "Sire," replied the old man, "I was already willing to surrender my life, and could any regret have accompanied the action, it must assuredly have vanished upon hearing the great King of France say, 'I am compelled.' This, sire, is a condition to which those who force you to act contrary to your own good disposition can never reduce me; because I am prepared for death, and because your whole people have not the power to compel a simple potter to bend his knee before the images which he himself has made."

Truly a noble answer; but of no avail against bigotry, for he died in prison full of years and of honour. Palissy ware shows a marked originality in design. His "rustic" pieces, as he called them, were made for ornament, not use, and bear most accurately formed shells, reptiles, and figures in coloured relief. Flat painting he never used. Some of his vases are most elaborately decorated. Fruit plates were pierced through the ware, as well as being decorated with moulded cherubims, arabesques, etc. He also made salt-cellar, inkstands, dishes, and ewers. The fishes, reptiles, etc. he used for decoration can all be recognised as belonging to the Seine, while his shells are accurate copies of tertiary fossils from the Paris basin. There are in existence many statuettes attributed to him, but some experts, judging from the costumes, are of opinion that these were made at a later period.

Possibly the rarest of all old pottery is Oiron (Poitou) ware, formerly known as Henri Deux. Only about eighty pieces of this are known to exist, and of these not any are duplicates. The five small pieces now at South Kensington cost over £1800, and are now worth very much more. In 1865 a drinking-cup was sold in Paris for £1100 and a small salt-cellar for £700. The name of the maker, for it is evidently all by the same hand, is unknown, although fairly well-authenticated evidence points



1622. JUG: ORIENTAL PORCELAIN, MOUNTED IN ORMOLU

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to the Oiron ware as being the work of a woman. The designs are very elaborate, consisting of interlaced cyphers, arabesques, masks, and small figures, with a backing of fine white paste. The background seems to have been inlaid with various coloured designs, after the manner of damascene work, and the masks and other raised ornaments then applied to its enriched surface. The greater number of the pieces bear the emblems of Francis I. and Henri II.

Of the former monarch's patronage of the potter's art one can get a glimpse in *Evelyn's Diary* for 1650, at which time the writer was living in Paris.—"April 25. I went out of towne to see Madrid, a palace so call'd, built by Francis the First. 'Tis observable onely for its open manner of architecture, being much of tarraces and galleries one over another to the very rooffe, and for the materials, which are most of earth painted like Porcelain or China-ware, whose colour appeares very fresh, but is very fragile. There are whole statues and relievos of this potterie, chimney-pieces and columns both within and without. Under the chapell is a chimney in the midst of a roome parted from the Salle des Gardes. The house is fortified with a deepe ditch and has an admirable vista towards the Bois de Boulogne and River."

The same observant writer mentions (1652) as worthy of note.—"March 19. Invited by Lady Gerrard I went to London, where we had a greate supper; all the vessels, which were innumerable, were of Porcelan, she having the most ample and richest collection of that curiositie in England."

During the seventeenth century the oriental porcelain brought to Europe excited the greatest admiration and curiosity. Every effort was made to discover its materials and the manner of producing it. European agents in the East contrived, after much trouble, to procure specimens of the materials, but these being already prepared for the potter, manufacturers were not any the wiser. However, experiments were carried on without cessation in most European countries, and at last arose in Saxony the genius who founded the modern manufacture of China ware. This was John Frederick Böttcher, who made the first European hard porcelain at Dresden, and established the first factory at Weissen in 1715 under the patronage of Augustus II., Elector of Saxony. Tradition says that it

was more accident than his previous years of scientific research that led Böttcher to his great discovery. The tale goes that one John Schnorr, a rich ironmaster, when riding near Aue, noticed his horse's feet sticking in a kind of white soft earth, which formed the upper stratum of the road at that place. Thinking that such a fine white clay might be converted into hair-powder (the use of which was then universal), he, after a series of experiments, succeeded in making a powder which, under the name of Schnorr's White Earth, soon superseded the wheaten flour hitherto used for the same purpose. It was when using this same powder that Böttcher, struck by its fineness, whiteness, and weight, thought that it might be used for making an improved pottery. The experiment was no sooner tried than it became evident that the true Kaolin, the very material of which the much-prized oriental porcelain was made, had at last been discovered.

Extraordinary precautions were taken to ensure the secrecy of the new process. The exportation of the "white earth" was interdicted under the most severe penalties, and it was transported to the Meissen factory in sealed barrels under military escort. An oath of "Secrecy till Death" was administered to every one employed in, or directing, the factory, which in fact was turned into a fortress, the drawbridge only being lowered at night. However, once discovered, neither process nor material long remained a secret. Other strata of Kaolin were found, workmen deserted, others sold the secrets of the factory, and the manufacture soon spread all over Europe. One of the foremen of Meissen deserted that establishment about 1718 and escaped to Vienna, where, aided by the Emperor Charles III., he established in 1720 a small porcelain factory. After a series of misfortunes this was finally purchased in 1744 by the Empress Maria Theresa, who converted it into a royal manufactory, but it was not until 1780 that it was really worked as a profit-making establishment independent of state aid.

The majority of the smaller German princes, captivated by the beauty of the art, were anxious each in his own state to establish a royal manufactory, in imitation of those of Dresden and Vienna. To effect this, every possible art was used to lure away potters and workmen from the parent establishments. The receipts and processes

Old Pottery and China

of manufacture were carried from state to state, and a ready market at very high prices was always found for them. Ringler, one of the original deserters from Meissen, after serving various masters, settled down in Munich, where, under the protection of the King of Bavaria, he established the royal porcelain works at Nymphenburg in 1758. The royal factory at Berlin was established by Frederick II. of Prussia, who sent both the materials and workmen from Meissen.

royal manufactory of Sèvres. The earliest dated specimen is 1753, and the manufacture from various causes was discontinued about the year 1800. The material did not contain a particle of the essential constituents of genuine porcelain, and moreover can be entirely fused in a furnace of a very high temperature, which is impossible with the true hard porcelain.

The very defects of the materials of which this old Sèvres ware is composed give it some of its greatest beauties. The



1602. SAMPLE OF OLD CHELSEA CHINA, WINDSOR CASTLE

The limits of space now compel one to turn to perhaps the most celebrated and beautiful of all china-ware. This is Sèvres. For long years the French potters, failing to discover a true Kaolin or fine china clay as used by their German neighbours, directed their energies to invent some artificial composition which might take its place, and enable them to compete with other nations. The result was an imitation porcelain paste, fine enough to start a great manufactory, and produce the most sought after and valuable pottery the world has ever known. This is the "pâte tendre" of the

softness of its glaze caused the colours laid over it to penetrate to a certain extent into the material, and thus to appear as though they were part of the body of the work beneath the glaze itself, while the colours assume the most beautifully lustrous hues, which cannot be produced on the modern hard or true porcelain. Sèvres for domestic use had usually a plain white ground painted with flowers. For decorative purposes or state dinner services the lovely coloured grounds such as "Bleu du roi," "Œil de perdrix," pale green, or "Rose Dubarry" were used. This last colour,

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by the bye, was invented years before the advent of the lovely lady whose name it bears. The first miniature painters in France were employed to decorate the best pieces of the beautiful ware with landscapes, flowers, birds, cupids, and female figures in most gracefully designed medallions. The cups, etc., decorated with portraits and miniatures, as well as the beautiful "jewelled ware," are of a later date, but one must not forget to note the splendidly modelled figures in Sèvres "bisque," which were the work of the celebrated sculptor Falconet. The prices obtained for Sèvres work have always been high, but of late years those of the old ware have attained the gigantic. Single plates have been sold for £200, and cups and saucers, for £150 each, but I believe the record price to be £10,000 for a set of three small jardinières, which were sold by auction at Christie's not many years since. Queen Victoria possessed a replica of this set in "Rose Dubarry" which is even finer than that mentioned above. The dessert service belonging to Queen Victoria, and now in the Green Drawing-room at Windsor, is valued at £60,000. It is complete with the exception of one plate, and was made for Louis XVI., but after the Revolution was sold to George IV. Hard or true porcelain, which may be distinguished from "pâte tendre" by the crude and less brilliant appearance of its colouring, has been made at Sèvres since the discovery of Kaolin in France about 1770.

Of English pottery I have practically no space in this article to speak, but our old records teem with allusions to "China-maniacs." Evelyn, writing in the reign of William and Mary, says, "I saw the Queen's rare cabinets and collection of China; which was wonderfully rich and plentiful." Steele, in the *Spectator*, gives a most amusing paper signed "Rebecca the Distress'd": "and impatiently waited to see you take India and China shops into consideration:—I am, dear Sir, one of the top China-Women about Town; and though I say it, keep as good Things, and receive as fine Company as any o' this End of the Town, let the other be who she will: In short, I am in a fair Way to be easy, were it not for a Club of Female Rakes,—These Rakes are your idle Ladies of Fashion, who having nothing to do, employ themselves in tumbling over my Ware. One of these No-Customers (for by the way they seldom

or never buy anything) calls for a Set of Tea-Dishes, another for a Bason, a third for my best Green-Tea, and even to the Punch Bowl, there's scarce a piece in my Shop but must be displaced, and the whole agreeable Architecture disordered:"

Goldsmith also, in his charming *Letters from a Citizen of the World*, happily satirises the mania. His citizen visits a lady of distinction, who artlessly tells him, "I have got twenty things from China that are of no use in the world. Look at those jars; they are of the right pea-green:—'Useful, sir,' replied the lady; 'sure you mistake; they are of no use in the world.'—'What! are they not filled with an infusion of tea as in China?' replied I.—'Quite empty and useless, upon my honour, sir.'—'Then they are the most cumbersome and clumsy furniture in the world, as nothing is truly elegant but what unites use with beauty.'—'I protest,' says the lady, 'I shall begin to suspect thee of being an actual barbarian.'"

Unfortunately the history of English pottery is too long to treat of here, but one may mention that the first English porcelain was manufactured at Bow and Chelsea, probably about 1730. George II., in emulation of his German connections, gave great encouragement to the Chelsea works. Models and artists were brought from Saxony, and some very fine work was produced. Horace Walpole mentions a service intended as a royal present which cost £1200. The early Chelsea bears a strong resemblance to the work of the French. The colours are very fine and closely allied to Sèvres, but a lovely claret seems to have been a speciality of the Chelsea works. Some of the Chelsea figures, which now command immense prices, are very beautiful.

In 1748 the manufacture was transferred to Derby, where were made the beautiful biscuit figures, which approach in quality and modelling those of Sèvres. In 1751 Dr. Wall established at Worcester the "Worcester Porcelain Company," the parent of the present great establishment. To him also is ascribed the invention of printing on porcelain. The original works of Worcester were chiefly imitations of the Nankin blue and white and copies of the Japanese. Of the great Josiah Wedgwood so much has been written that I must be content to say here that among the principal improvements and inventions which we owe to his genius are the queen's ware—a

very fine terra-cotta or cream-coloured ware, first produced in 1762; a black unglazed ware called *basaltes*, capable of resisting acids and sustaining very high temperatures; a fine white terra-cotta, "proper for cameos, portraits, and bas-reliefs;" and the world-renowned "Jasper" ware, a white porcelainous biscuit of extreme beauty of surface, which possesses the property peculiar to itself among porcelains of absorbing metallic oxide colouring throughout its entire substance. This quality renders it peculiarly applicable as a background for cameo work of any description, the figures in white biscuit—or "bisquit" as it is still

spelt at the old factory—standing out from the coloured background in the most beautiful relief. Wedgwood's first figure subjects were taken from original gems lent to him for the purpose, and also from drawings and models supplied by Flaxman. The most important and valuable piece of old Wedgwood is the copy of the famous Portland vase, originally sold for fifty guineas, but now, of course, vastly increased in value.

Other well-known old English potteries were Lambeth, Fulham, Bristol, Plymouth, Leeds, Yarmouth, and Lowestoft; and in Wales, Nantgarw and Swansea.

Of the favourite old Delft I have left no space to speak; suffice it to say that it was imported into this country from Holland as far back as the reign of Henry IV., but the trade of course reached its highest develop-



FROM THE GRAND CORRIDOR, WINDSOR CASTLE

In the centre is Sèvres "Pâte Tendre." Most valuable. Probably valued at £2500 or more. Purple, blue, and gilt ornament; ormolu mounts. Painting by Morin. Bouquet of flowers on reverse. 2 ft. 6 in. high. At the sides are Sèvres "Pâte Tendre." Finished specimens. Purple, blue, and gilt ornament; ormolu mounts. 1 ft. 6 in. high.

ment in the reigns of William and Mary, as without its exhibition on the old Dutch furniture, as Pepys would have said, "all would be as naught." It is well known that a large proportion of the old Delft was copied both in form and colour from the Japanese, and also that the manufacture was introduced into England by Dutch potters. The Spanish, always one of the most artistic of nations, can boast of having made some of the finest porcelain, the chief factories being those of Alcora, established in 1764 under a German named Kuipfer from Dresden; and that in the gardens of the royal palace of Buen Retiro, with workmen brought from Naples and Saxony by Charles III. There are two rooms still in existence in the Palaces of Madrid and Aranjuez with walls composed of china plaques and mirrors, treated in the most

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artistic manner, with finely-modelled figures, fruit, and flowers, all made of Buen Retiro porcelain.

It would be difficult to estimate the value of the Windsor collection of old china, but as one of the finest and largest in the

world, its value in money is almost fabulous. In the Grand Corridor, and the Red, the White, and the Green Drawing-rooms may be seen cabinet after cabinet filled with the finest specimens the world has ever produced.



1601. SAMPLE OF CROWN DERBY CHINA, WINDSOR CASTLE

Hyacinths

YELLOW as wax and white as snow,
Before the first month thinks to go,
Or snowdrops dare to face the sleet
And trouble of the wakening year:
Or aconite its winding-sheet
Has burst, the hyacinths are here,
Beautiful, brave, but O not dear—
The coldest flowers that can be sweet.

The primula is not more cold,
The teasel not more harsh to hold.
These fear no wind-touch; these invite
Neither the shadow nor the light.

With deathly sweetness they unfold
Their chimeless bells of clammy gold,
Cold crimson, and that lifeless white;
The only soulless flowers that grow.

Immune and beautiful and dead,
No sun rejoices them, no blight
Troubles them; they are aliens all.
The withered ivy on the wall
Denies them, they are none of his;
They know no bane, they have no bliss,
Death on their very hearts has fed,
And so they know not they are dead.

NORA HOPPER.

THREE PRIZE HYMN TUNES.

① God of Bethel.

(LEISURE HOUR EISTEDDFOD.)

FIRST PRIZE.

Music by E. MARKHAM LEE, M.A., Mus. Doc. (Cantab).

1. O God of Beth-el, by Whose hand Thy peo-ple still are fed;

Who through this wea-ry pil-grim-age Hast all our fath-ers led. A-men.

SECOND PRIZE.

Music by W. JOHN REYNOLDS.

Slow and stately.

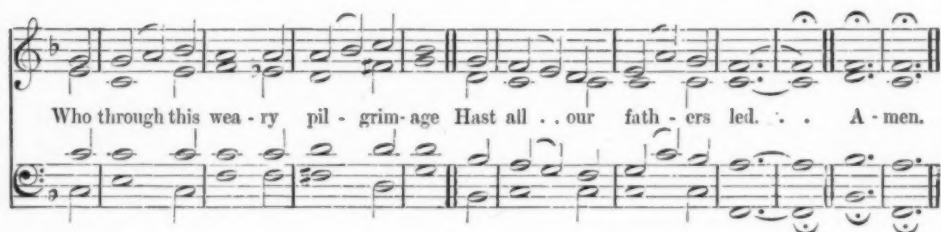
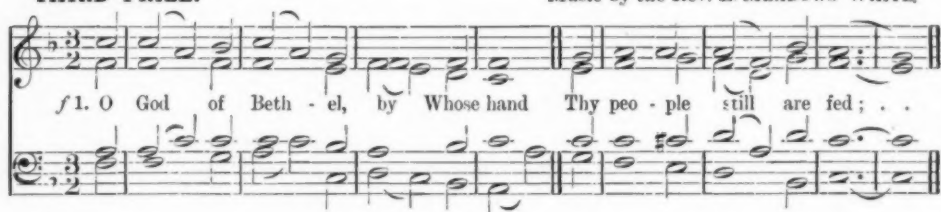
mf 1. O God of Beth-el, by Whose hand Thy peo-ple still are fed;

Who through this wea-ry pil-grim-age Hast all our fath-ers led. A-men.

Three Prize Hymn Tunes

THIRD PRIZE.

Music by the Rev. L. MEADOWS WHITE.



THE ROYAL MAUSOLEUM, FROGMORE

Poulton series



BY SIR JOHN W. MOORE, M.D.

Photo by R. Welch

EX-PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS OF IRELAND

II

LEAVING the York Street terminus of the Belfast and Northern Counties Railway, we travelled to Larne along the northern shores of Belfast Lough, as far as Whitehead, and thence by Island Magee and Larne Lough. This railway journey is full of interest and extremely picturesque.

Carrickfergus (population 8923) stands on the shore of Belfast Lough, nine and a half miles N.E. of the city. It is a historic old town, and its grand Anglo-Norman castle, erected by de Courcy in 1178, is still habitable and inhabited. This old-world fortress has played a notable part in Irish history through successive centuries. It was taken by Edward Bruce when he invaded Ireland in 1315. In 1688 Lord Iveagh held it for King James II., but Schomberg captured it in the following year, and on June 14, 1690, William III. landed on its quay. The castle is built upon a rock, overlooking the Lough, at a height of 30 feet. Its great donjon or keep is a huge square tower, 90 feet high, and with

walls 9 feet thick. The castle has been garrisoned for the Crown since 1843, and is now used as an armoury. It commands an exquisite view of Belfast Lough.

Whitehead, a watering-place which has rapidly risen in favour during the past six or seven years, occupies an admirable position, facing south-eastward at almost the north-eastern extremity of the Lough. It is distant twelve miles from Belfast. Between it and Carrickfergus is Kilroot, a parish held for a short time by Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's. Off Whitehead the sea-water is delightfully clear and pure. The air is fresh and bracing, and the soil dries rapidly. Villas and terraces are springing up in all directions, the Belfast and Northern Counties Railway Company having generously given every encouragement to the development of this and other places on the coast adjacent to their system. They have contributed large sums of money for the construction of recreation-grounds. They have made golf-links and bathing-places. They have opened new pathways, and catered for amusements. Above all, they have arranged for the issue of "free building tickets" to the

A Tour Through North-Eastern Ireland

proprietors or tenants of new residences within a radius of one mile from their railway-stations.

The cliffs and headland at Whitehead are further attractions. The visitor can walk along the cliffs as far as Blackhead, where the coast-line turns northward, and there are fine caves under the cliffs of Island Magee.

Larne is an important seaport, twenty-four miles by rail from Belfast. It is the Irish port of the Larne and Stranraer steamboat route to Great Britain. In 1891 its population was 4217. The scenery of Larne Lough is pretty, especially near the village of Glynn, two miles south of Larne and facing the curious peninsula called Island Magee, a district which is well worth a visit on ethnological grounds, as well as for its cliff scenery.

From Larne we drove by the coast-road to Garron Tower, near Garron Point. This coast-road is a triumph of engineering skill, and shows off to advantage the splendid cliff scenery of the Antrim coast. Passing through the basaltic rock by what is called Blackcave Tunnel, the road winds along the shore of Drain Bay to Ballygalley Head, which is nearly 300 feet high. Here there is a view of the Maidens, as two dangerous rocky islets five miles out at sea are called. Each is surmounted by a lofty lighthouse, which forms a conspicuous object in the landscape.

Glenarm (population 1248) is charmingly

situated eleven and a half miles from Larne at the lower end of a beautiful valley, the first of the "Glens of Antrim," and at the innermost recess of Glenarm Bay. Close to the town is the baronial residence of the McDonnells, Earls of Antrim. An inscription over the gateway records that "with the leave of God, this Castle was built by Sir Randle McDonnel, Knight, Erle of Antrim, having to his wife Dame Aellis O'Neill, in the year of our Lord God, 1636. *Deus est adjutor meus.*" The approach to Glenarm is beneath precipitous limestone cliffs, which in places almost overhang the road. At the other side is the beach, on which break waves of clearest water, sufficiently tempting for a swim on a warm day.

Some three miles N.W. of Glenarm we reach a small watering-place named Carnlough, which presents many attractions. The surrounding scenery is very fine. There is a smooth and safe beach for bathers, where a mountain burn, rising on the slopes of Collin Top (1426 feet), falls into the sea. A pier was built at Carnlough by the late Marchioness of Londonderry, as well as a tramway which connects

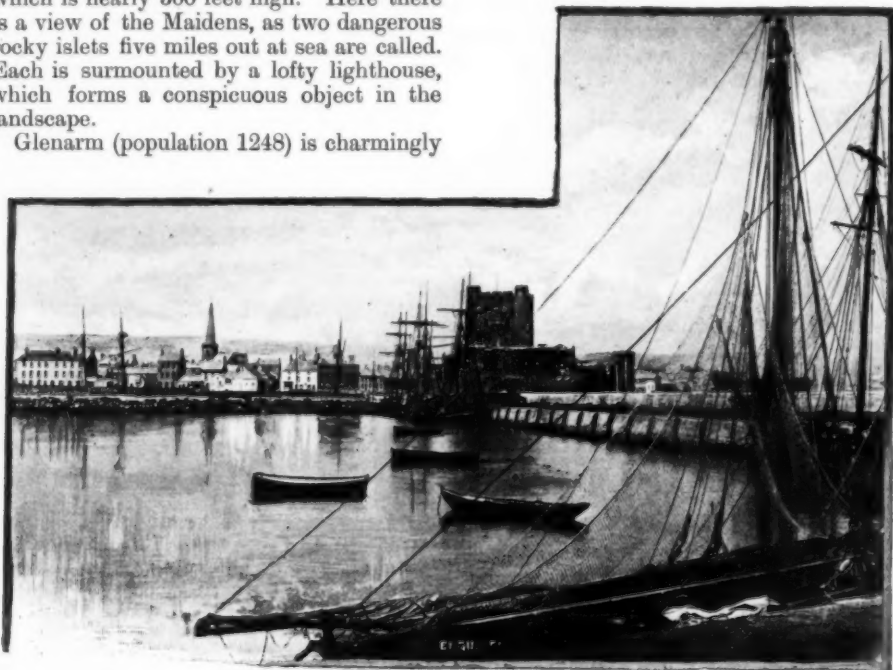


Photo by R. Welch

CARRICKFERGUS CASTLE AND TOWN

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WHITEHEAD, CO. ANTRIM

Photo by R. Welch

it with iron mines and limestone quarries in the neighbouring hills.

Four and a half miles north of Carnlough is Garron Point, where stands an isolated column of chalk called *Aogh-a-stookan* (the Stone of the Pinnacles). Garron Point itself is composed of huge masses of chalk and basalt evidently broken away from the adjoining cliffs which form the eastern escarpment of Knockore (1179 feet). Perched on a level platform at a height of about 250 feet above the sea rise the dark turrets and battlements of Garron Tower, with its beautiful gardens and pleasure-grounds stretching away to the southward. This lordly mansion was built by Lady Londonderry in 1848, and until some three years ago was used as a summer residence by the Londonderry family. It is now a first-class hotel, under the management of Mr. Henry McNeill, of Larne, to whom the Marquis of Londonderry has leased it for twenty-one years. From the castle windows and from the castellated terrace the views are superb. Seaward the

panorama extends from the Copeland Islands near Donaghadee, Island Magee, and the Maidens, by Wigtonshire, and the mighty dome of Ailsa Craig to Arran, the Isle of Sanda, and the Mull of Cantire. There are beautiful walks through the grounds adjoining the castle. One of the loveliest of these strolls is by "Her Ladyship's Mountain Path," to the summit of the breezy Downs, which stretch for miles inland from the edge of the cliffs overlooking the castle and grounds. Another admirable way of spending a summer's afternoon is to drive from Garron Tower to beautiful Glenariff, the fairest of the glens of Antrim, and which may also be reached by the light railway which runs from Ballymena to Parkmore, at the head of the glen, and to Retreat, in the glen itself. The extension of this narrow-gauge railway to Cushendall has been several times under the consideration of the directors of the Belfast and Northern Counties Railway, who had actually obtained an Act of Parliament for the purpose. Owing, however, to

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the steepness of the gradients, due to the nature of the country, the project had to be abandoned. But the railway company have not been idle. The Board of Directors authorised their engineer to make Glenariff easy of access by constructing foot-bridges, handrails, and paths. At the foot of the glen a large tea-house has been erected, and this has proved a boon to the many visitors to a glen which, in the opinion of competent judges, excels in beauty even the far-famed Dargle near Bray and Enniskerry in the county Wicklow. The surrounding hills culminate in Trostan (1817 feet).

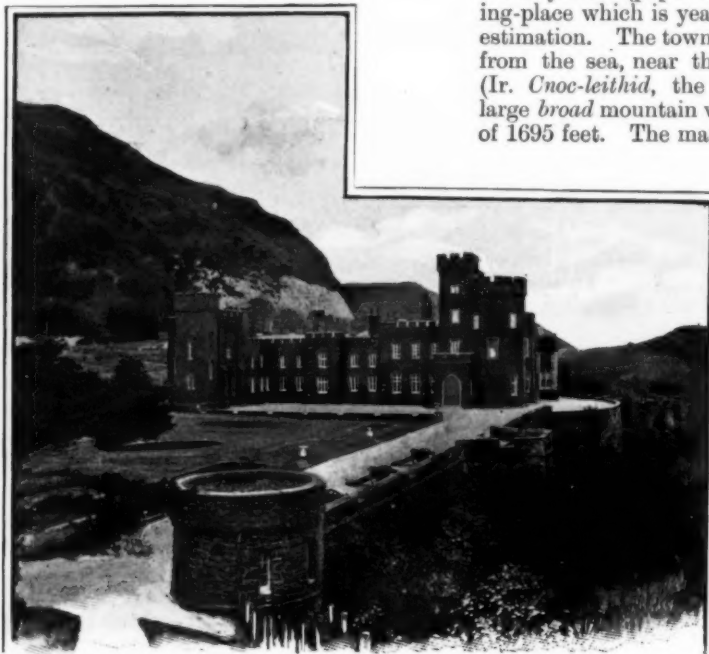
Glenariff river runs into the well-named Red Bay close to the hamlet of Glenariff or Waterfoot. At this spot a remarkable geological formation may be observed. South of the little river vast chalk cliffs tower to a height of from 600 to 800 feet. North of the river the rock is Devonian or Old Red Sandstone, the bright red sandstone being worn away into caves, or tunnelled to allow the road to pass through. Here also are the crumbling ruins of Red Bay Castle, an ancient stronghold of the McDonnells.

Cushendall and Cushendun are neat villages near the sea at the lower end of two of the glens of Antrim—Glenaan and Glendun. The Irish names for these villages are *Cois-abhaan-Dhalla* (the Foot of the River Dall (and *Cois-abhaan-Duine* (the Foot of the River Dun) respectively. The beach near these pretty places is sandy, and affords good sea-bathing.

From Cushendall to Ballycastle, on the northern coast of Antrim, is a fine drive of sixteen miles. The road at first runs along the Glenaan river. It then leaves Glenaan on the left and skirts the eastern face of the hills which separate this valley from the still more beautiful Glendun. These hills rise to 1125 feet in Gruig Top. Leaving the road to Cushendun on the right, we now turn up Glendun, finally crossing the river on a lofty viaduct, from which there are exquisite views both up and down the glen. The road then rises in a zigzag fashion, until a wild upland moor is reached, at the height of several hundred feet above sea-level. In winter this drive must be exceedingly bleak, but on a summer's day it is delightful.

Ballycastle (population 1481) is a watering-place which is yearly growing in public estimation. The town proper is half-a-mile from the sea, near the foot of Knockloyd (Ir. *Cnoc-leithid*, the Hill of Breadth), a large broad mountain which attains a height of 1695 feet. The marine portion of Bally-

castle is situated near the mouth of the Glenshesk river, on the right bank of which stands the ruined abbey of Bonamargy, at the confluence of the Carey river with the Glenshesk. Ballycastle Bay is sheltered on all sides—towards the north-east by the magnificent promontory of Benmore or Fair Head, which towers to 639 feet; towards the north by the gigantic natural break-water of Rathlin



GARRON TOWER, ANTRIM COAST
(At present used as a hotel)

Photo by R. Welch

A Tour Through North-Eastern Ireland



Photo by R. Welch

GLENARIFF AT THE MEETING OF THE WATERS

Island, and towards the north-west by the precipitous coast-line as far as Kenbane or Whitehead. East of the Glenshesk a fine sandy beach stretches towards Fair Head, and close to it there are extensive golf-links.

On the fine though cloudy morning of Thursday, June 28, we left Ballycastle for Portrush, twenty-one miles to the westward. The drive has many attractions, but the absence of trees near the coast-line somewhat mars the scenery. The swinging-

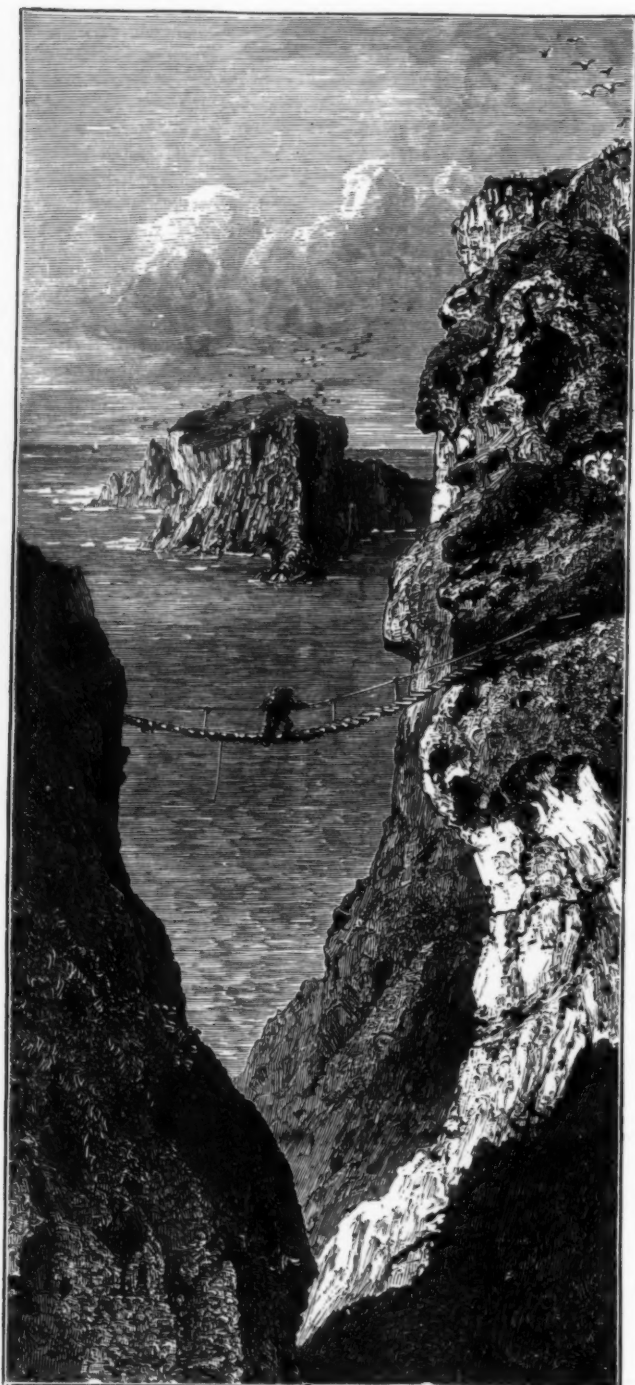
bridge of Carrick-a-rede, the ruined castle of Dunseverick near White Park Bay, the countless wonders of the Giant's Causeway, the neat town of Bushmills, the romantic ruins of Dunluce Castle, which was the ancient stronghold of the McQuillans and afterwards of the McDonnells, and the White Rocks, are all on or near this route. At the Giant's Causeway (where the drive by *char-à-banc* ends) there are two excellent hotels, at which the traveller may obtain a comfortable luncheon before visiting the



STRAND, QUAY AND CASTLE HOUSE, BALLYCASTLE

Photo by R. Welch

A Tour Through North-Eastern Ireland



CARRICK-A-REDE

Causeway. He continues the journey by steam-tramway to Bushmills, Dunluce, and Portrush. While we were carrying out this programme, a rainstorm of tropical violence visited Portrush, traces of the deluge being visible in all directions when we arrived in the evening.

Portrush is one of the most bracing as it is one of the most popular watering-places in Ireland. Its only drawback is the lack of trees. It enjoys good hotel and lodging accommodation. The town is built on a peninsula of basalt, known as Ramore Head, which projects into the sea for a total distance of three-quarters of a mile. On each side of this peninsula there is an immense stretch of sandy beach. That towards the east is backed by sand-dunes of considerable size, which have been converted into golf-links, with an 18-hole course nearly four miles in length. The western beach shelves quickly, so that the bathing on it is not considered safe for inexperienced swimmers. The outlying rocky islands known as the Skerries form a natural breakwater from the gigantic Atlantic waves which roll in upon the coast from northerly points of the compass.

The bathing is excellent at Portrush, the water being clear, cool, and buoyant. The western horizon is bounded by the mountainous peninsula of Inishowen, terminating in Malin Head far to the north-westward.

Owing to its geological formation, Portrush is a dry place notwithstanding its frequent and rather

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THE CHIMNEY-TOPS, GIANT'S CAUSEWAY

heavy rainfall. We stayed at Portrush until Saturday morning, June 30, visiting Bushmills, Dunluce Castle, Coleraine, and Portstewart in the meantime.

Portstewart is a watering-place with a promising future. Extensive building is in progress, and the place is evidently popular.

The last stage of our nine days' tour was begun on the morning of Saturday, June 30, when we travelled from Portrush to Derry, *via* Coleraine. Six miles by rail from this town, and prettily situated on the sea near the estuary of the Bann, is Castlerock, a charming little watering-place with a good

strand. The railway company have given facilities with a view of promoting building, but so far without commensurate results, although the place is attractive and healthy. A little further on Down Hill is passed. Here also there is good bathing, and the geologist will find much to interest him in the rocks and caves in the neighbourhood.

Passing Culmore, famous for its boom at the time of the siege of Derry, we reach the "Maiden City," of which an interesting account was given in the *Leisure Hour* for November 1899. Here the story of our Nine Days' Tour may fitly close.

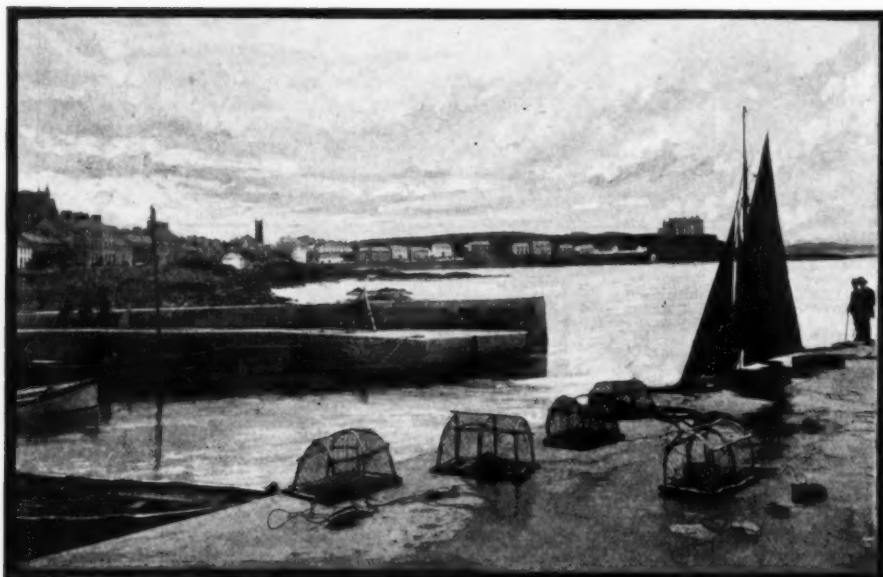
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A Tour Through North-Eastern Ireland



PORTRUSH, CO. ANTRIM

Photo by R. Welch



PORTSTEWART TOWN AND HARBOUR

Photo by R. Welch

A £50,000 Stone

BY ARTHUR W. MARCHMONT

AUTHOR OF 'BY RIGHT OF SWORD,' ETC.



IT WAS A DIAMOND, RIGHT ENOUGH

I

STARED at it, lost in absolute amazement.

I had been nowhere except to my club, to write a couple of leaders for a provincial paper which took its politics from me, and as soon as I had posted my articles, I had gone straight from the writing-room to the cloak-room, taken my great-coat and hat from the peg, my umbrella from the stand beneath, and walked quickly

along the Strand to my chambers in Pollock's Inn. I had also gone straight from my chambers to the club; and the afternoon had been just one of a routine commonplace kind.

And yet—when I put my hand into the breast-pocket of my great-coat on reaching my rooms, I found in it one of the largest and most magnificent diamonds that had ever set my eyes dancing with admiration and my pulses throbbing with excitement.

It was a diamond, right enough. I held it close to the light, then away from it; and wherever it was, it shot out myriads of gleams and flashes that dazzled my eyes and dazed my senses in bewilderment.

How could it have got into my pocket? As I asked myself the question, all sorts of ridiculous suggestions came into my thoughts. Was I asleep? Had some one played me a practical joke? Was I an unconscious kleptomaniac? Had some one hypnotised me and set me stealing? At last a reasonable thought came. Had I taken somebody else's coat?

No, there was my name, Harold Booth, on the tab. I gave it up.

Presently, I heard loud whistling, a good deal out of tune, and the sound of heavy steps coming up the stairs noisily. It was Jack Dilworth who shared my chambers.

"I say, Jack, here's a go," was my greeting, holding out the stone toward him. "What do you suppose this is worth?"

He had been at the diamond diggings, and in fact all over the world, and knew a good deal about stones.

He gave a loud whistle.

"Where did you get that?" He was full of excitement.

"Don't know. Bred it, I think, in my great-coat. Pretty crystal, isn't it?"

"Crystal!" he cried. "It's the sort of crystal that men pay thousands for and women sell body and soul to get hold of. Why, man, it's a diamond worth a fortune. Where did you—get it? Did you find it? You're a lucky fellow if you did."

"On the contrary, it found me," I answered; and then, seeing his puzzled look, I told him that it had found its way into my coat.

A £50,000 Stone

At first he couldn't believe me, and thought I was chaffing. I read that in his face. But when he saw I was in earnest, he grew much more excited than I was. He toyed with the stone lovingly, almost as if it were a living thing, holding it at all angles of the light to catch the reflected rays; and he kept repeating his assertion that it was the largest and most beautiful stone he had ever handled in his life.

"What was it in?" he asked at length.

"This case;" and I showed him the case, a small imitation leather thing, such as cheap brooches are commonly sold in. "There is no name or mark on it," I added.

"Well, it beats me," he exclaimed, with a short laugh. "That stone is worth anything expressed in thousands, according to a wealthy man's whim—supposing of course that it is pure white, a point that I can't tell in this light—and yet here it is, shut up in a twopenny brooch-case and shoved incontinently into your pocket! It's had many a queer adventure in its long life, I'll bet, and many of them ugly enough in all probability, but none queerer than this."

All our talk brought us no nearer a solution of the puzzle. Dilworth's statement of the value of the stone naturally enough fired me; but I compelled myself to see that such a stone could not remain long unclaimed, and that a day or two at most would let me know who was its owner.

I was right. The news came sooner than I expected.

The next morning brought me a letter from the owner which explained the whole circumstance, and I laughed to think that so natural a cause had not occurred to either Dilworth or myself.

The letter was from a member of the club, written on the club paper, and ran as follows—

"National Constitutional Club,

"Cumberland Avenue, S.W.

"Feb. 18th, 188-.

"HAROLD BOOTH, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,—I have reason to know that owing to a mistake I made this afternoon, in the cloak-room of the club, I dropped a very valuable stone into the pocket of your coat instead of my own. I will call upon you at your chambers tomorrow at two o'clock, if convenient, to arrange for the restoration of my jewel. I

would come earlier, but I have an engagement during the morning.

"Yours faithfully,

"ARATHOON MOOKERJEE."

I must confess to some feeling of disappointment at the owner of the stone turning up so quickly. I hope I am honest enough; but even the bare possibility of getting hold of a diamond worth thousands of pounds had excited me. I found it hard enough at that time to earn a couple of hundred a year by my writing, and the knowledge that the stone, properly realised, was worth perhaps thousands a year, was enough to set me longing to possess it.

I should have felt the matter more keenly, no doubt, if by a coincidence the same post had not brought me a letter which seemed to promise some literary work. The writer was a lady whose name I did not know—Lena Maurice—and she made an appointment at my chambers for ten that morning.

Dilworth and I discussed the two letters over breakfast, and he said he should come in for the interview with the owner of the diamond. We turned up the man's name in the list of the four thousand members of the National Constitutional—the big political club I had joined with the idea of doing Party work—and we found that there were two members of the same name.

After that we had another good look at the diamond, which Dilworth declared to be of the finest water and purest colour, and worth a positively fabulous sum. Then he went out and I made ready to receive my visitor.

She came punctually at the time she had named, and the business was of the most satisfactory kind to me. She told me that she was about to start a weekly paper in London of the popular kind, appealing chiefly to women, and that she had resolved to make fiction a strong feature.

"I have heard of you, Mr. Booth," and she turned a pair of very lustrous dark eyes on me, with a look that I found as pleasant as the compliment which promptly followed. "I admire your stories very much. They seem to me to touch the heart—at least they have touched mine"—and she gave me another look which made me tingle with pleasure—"and I think they will touch those of my readers. This is not an empty compliment, for I want you to be the fiction editor of the new paper. Will you do this

without a very big salary? I can't pay more than five guineas a week at starting, and this must include a certain amount of your own writing every week. What say you?"

I should have jumped at the thing at two guineas, but I thought it discreet not to appear enthusiastic.

"It is not a large salary, and I am rather a busy man," I answered. "But if there are prospects, I mean if the salary will increase as the paper grows . . ."

She interrupted me with a flattering eagerness to secure me.

"Of course it will," she cried. "Do you know that I have strong views on that point? I mean that all who join me shall share profits, if we make any; if not, well, I am rich enough to bear the losses. May we take it as settled then?"

She gave a light-hearted laugh that seemed to have a ring of wealth about it when I assented, and she began to look about my room, saying pleasant, chatty, and always complimentary things about everything. After a time she looked at her watch, gave a little start, and declared she must go, as she had such a lot of business to do; that she would write to me in a day or so; that her bankers were Smith Payne's, and that her publishers would be Thomson, Jones, and Co.

I went down with her and watched her get into a hansom that was waiting for her, and I heard her tell the man to drive to Thomson, Jones, and Co.'s. She nodded her head very pleasantly to me, and smiled in a way that sent me mooning up-stairs with all sorts of silly thoughts in my head about her beauty and graciousness.

I did no work that morning. I was too excited at the experience of the diamond and the result of the interview, and spent a good deal of the time in planning what I should do with the unexpected windfall of five guineas a week.

I went out to lunch as usual, and found Dilworth in possession on my return. I told him gleefully about the new paper and my appointment.

"I'm awfully glad, old chap," he said. "How did she hear of you?"

"Eh? Oh, I don't know. I didn't ask her. Oh, of course, through my tales."

"Through your tales? Which? I didn't know you'd written any over your own name."

"No, I haven't."

"Then how could she hear of you, man?"

"Why, how do you think that people get heard of in the scribbling world?" I answered irritably, because he seemed to reflect on my work. I didn't like it.

"All right, Harold, I didn't think. What's her address?"

"I declare I never asked her, and she did not tell me. But she banks at Smith Payne's, my boy, and Thomson, Jones, and Co. are to publish the paper."

"Oh," was his most unsatisfactory answer, spoken in a tone that I knew well. Then after a pause, in which he had refilled his pipe, he said, "Of course it's all right. Only it's odd both of these things coming together. Perhaps it's no more than a coincidence. Anyway, you're in luck. Our diamond friend ought to be here now, oughtn't he?"

"It's barely two," I answered shortly. I was nettled at his words and his manner. He had an irritating habit of being often right, and his suggested suspicion made me a little uneasy about the morning's interview. Very naturally, I vented the annoyance on him. "If you think that you can scent any connection between Miss Maurice's visit and this precious diamond, why don't you out with it plainly? You're one of the most suspicious beggars under the sun. But if you'd seen Miss Maurice, you'd have no more doubt than I have of her."

"Hallo, that's how the wind sets, is it?" he asked, looking up with a smile.

Before I could reply, there was a knock at the door, and when it was opened, a slim, swarthy, keen-eyed Indian entered, followed by a lad of fourteen or fifteen years.

"My name is Mookerjee, Arathoon Mookerjee," said the man, speaking without the slightest trace of any foreign accent. "I am the writer of the letter which you will have received to-day concerning the diamond. This is my son. I thank you for keeping the appointment, Mr. Booth." He knew me evidently, and addressed me without hesitation.

"I did receive your letter, and I have the stone in my possession, which I presume is yours. Here it . . ."

"Mr. Mookerjee would probably like to describe it first before you show it to him, Harold," said Dilworth, before I had time to produce it.

A £50,000 Stone

The Indian glanced up, as if surprised at the interpolation; and I hastened to say who Jack was.

"Mr. Dilworth is right, quite right," he said then. "I have written down a description of the stone as well as of the little common case, in which I was carrying it when I made the mistake."

He handed me a paper, and Dilworth and I read it through carefully. It was an exact and very minute description of the jewel.

"There is no doubt that it is your stone," I said, and I took the small case out of my pocket.

"How was it you made the mistake?" asked Dilworth. "The stone is a very valuable one."

"It is the most costly and most brilliant that has ever passed through my hands," said the Indian. "It is worth fifty thousand pounds or more, according to the purchaser. I am a dealer, you know. My head office is in Calcutta, my chief agency is in Bombay, and my sub-agents are in all the capitals of Europe, and in New York also. This stone has a history, like every big stone that comes out of India; and it is valuable enough to bring me in person to Europe to sell it. I have offered it myself to three of the crowned monarchs of Europe, and I have put the price at fifty thousand pounds. It is the greatest of the big Scinde jewels; and it is a big stone even for me to deal in."

He spoke calmly, like one to whom jewels worth thousands were only common things.

"It is a curious case for such a gem," said Dilworth.

"It is my habit to use such," answered Mr. Mookerjee quietly. "The more costly the jewel, the less seeming importance do I attach to its custody. I am widely known; and if it were thought that I was carrying a stone worth five or six lacs, my life might not be worth a day's purchase. I am fond of jewels, but fonder of my life." He smiled very faintly.

"But you ask how I made the mistake," he continued. "I was going into our club—I am always there in the afternoons when I am in London—and I hung up my great-coat. I went to wash my hands, and feeling the case in my pocket and knowing that I might probably drop asleep in the club, and not wishing to have the stone about me under those circumstances, I went back to the cloak-room to leave it in my great-coat.

At that moment I was called, and in my hurry made the mistake. There were but two coats together in that particular row, and I had seen you hang yours there, Mr. Booth. Thus I knew, when I found what I had done, that it would be in your pocket; and then, knowing you by repute, I ceased to be anxious." He accompanied the compliment with a somewhat profuse bow.

"Do you mean you were going to leave a diamond worth £50,000 in the pocket of a great-coat in the cloak-room of the club while you went away to sleep in another room?" Disbelief was in every tone of Dilworth's voice as he asked the question, and for the moment the Indian seemed to resent his manner. He shot a momentary glance of anger at my friend, but after a very slight pause he said to me—

"Your friend is not accustomed to the custody of diamonds, or he would not be so surprised at such an action on my part. I did it because it is exactly the sort of thing no one would think I should do. That is all."

I was rather annoyed at Dilworth's question. There was clearly no use in prolonging the interview.

I took the diamond out of the case.

"Well, here is your stone, Mr. Mookerjee," I said, poisoning it in my fingers.

As the eyes of father and son fell on the stone they seemed to light up with a look that was scarcely in harmony with the indifference the elder man had shown. But the moment afterwards both of them half closed the lids. The incident was nothing; but it sufficed to make me pause a moment before handing over the stone, and then Dilworth broke in with a good deal of emphasis.

"Stop a moment, Harold. Don't be in such a hurry. You've no evidence that the stone belongs to this gentleman—nothing but his word; and you had better not part with it in such a casual way. You'd best hand it over in the presence of a third party known to you both—say, Mr. Mookerjee's solicitors or his bankers; if he has any, that is."

Again I expected some sort of outburst from the Indian, and again I was disappointed. He had his temper under splendid control and only smiled.

"Really, I think Mr. Dilworth is right. My bankers are Glyn's, and they will tell you all about me. In truth, I did not come expecting to receive the diamond now. I



"AIR! AIR!"

only want to know that it is safe in your keeping. I shall of course consent cheerfully to any proposal that you like to make concerning its restoration."

The diamond dealer bent over it for a moment, scrutinising it closely, but not touching it; and then with a smile thanked me for the care I had taken of it.

"I think," he said, "it will be best if my bankers . . ."

He did not finish the sentence, however. There came a scream of pain from the lad, who pressed his hand convulsively to his heart and cried out—

"My heart, my heart! Oh, father, father!" Then he fell heavily against

A £50,000 Stone

Dilworth, who had been standing watching events from behind me. Dilworth caught the boy in his arms and saved him from falling to the ground, and I turned and helped him, and together we laid him down gently on the floor, where he writhed in great agony.

"Air, air, for pity's sake!" cried the father, in great agitation; and he rushed to the window and threw it open. "Now some brandy; can you give me some?" he asked me, as he went to the boy, who grew quieter at his approach.

He knelt down and forced some of the spirit through the lad's clenched teeth, and then unfastened his collar and chafed his hands, and tended and caressed him until he showed signs of recovery.

As soon as his son was better, Mr. Mookerjee thanked us both profusely for what we had done, and said that he would not go at once to Glyn's about the diamond, that he felt that it was quite safe in my hands; and that he would rather get his boy home so that the doctor might see him without delay.

Then the two turned to leave the room, but had not reached the door before a cry from Dilworth arrested us all.

"What's this! Harold, look out, the stone's been changed!" And to give point to his words, he rushed across the room and put his back to the door.

II

I FELT that in a moment the situation had completely changed. If Dilworth was right, that the stone had been changed, we were face to face with a very singular complication.

"Are you sure, Jack?" I asked, as quietly as I could. "It's a serious matter."

"Sure? Of course I am. Do you think I don't know a diamond when I see one? or that I can't tell the difference between one and a bit of glass? This is glass. Look at it yourself;" and he tossed me the stone as if it was not worth careful handling.

A single glance was enough to show me that it was not the stone.

What could it mean?

I looked up and met the eyes of the Indian fixed on me with a curious expression—a sort of undeveloped sneer.

"Do you see this?" I asked, rather sternly, holding it out to him. "What do you say?"

"One of you is a very good actor; I don't know which," he answered quietly. "And it is a clever idea to change it in my presence. But you are mistaking me. I am not the man to be caught in this way. I hold you responsible for my stone, Mr. Booth."

"Do you mean to insinuate . . ." I began angrily, but a short laugh from Dilworth stopped me.

"Don't be an ass, Harold," he said. "Don't do what he wishes and lose your temper. You must keep your head in this matter. It's getting a big thing, and serious."

"If I offended you by my hasty speech, forgive me," said Mr. Mookerjee, with a suave, apologetic air. "I spoke in a moment of haste and irritation. I quite appreciate your position, Mr. Booth. Mr. Dilworth angered me, but I will take his excellent advice, and not lose my temper. You say the stone has been changed. I cannot say yes or no to that. I have left my spectacles behind me, and your English winter light is not enough for me . . ."

"You saw well enough only a few minutes since," interrupted Dilworth.

"I do not think the stone has been changed," resumed the Indian, not noticing the interruption, but bending over the stone where I had again laid it on the table and screwing up his eyes as if to see better. "But if so, you can hardly think that I should change my own stone. It may be, however, that one of you"—and he looked at Jack hard—"has some reason for changing it. At any rate, you, Mr. Booth, must take the responsibility. I know it was the diamond I placed in your coat; you have acknowledged finding it there; you accepted the custody of it instead of giving it to me, on the advice of your friend; and I must hold you liable for it."

"It won't do, Mr. Mookerjee, it won't do," cried Dilworth, with a short laugh. "What you wanted to change your own stone for, I don't know; but change it you did, and out of this room you don't go till you have owned it, if I have any say in the matter."

"You took the stone off the table, not I," retorted the Indian sharply.

"It's no use bandying words," said I. "We must do something. Jack, go up to Morris and Morris and see George Morris, and get him to send down a man he can trust to see the thing through."

A £50,000 Stone

"You will take the responsibility of letting that gentleman leave the room, Mr. Booth," said the Indian.

"I have no objection whatever," I returned curtly.

While Dilworth was absent, the situation was extremely unpleasant. I made no attempt to hold any conversation with Mr. Mookerjee, nor he with me. He sat all the time holding his son's hand in his, and did not move from his chair. I confess that I did not see my way at all, nor could I even hazard a guess as to the meaning of the man's action.

Once only did he break the silence.

"Can you vouch for Mr. Dilworth's honour?" he asked.

"As for my own," I replied shortly.

"Good; but £50,000 is a sore temptation to any man."

I made no answer. It was just ridiculous to suspect my old chum; but I understood the Indian's suggestion, clearly enough.

It was quite an hour before Dilworth came back, bringing with him a confidential clerk of the Morris's, named Leighton, whom I knew well.

Leighton looked very searchingly at the two Indians, as if half expecting to recognise them, and I detected a shade of disappointment in his face when he failed to identify them.

"Mr. Dilworth has told me all the circumstances, Mr. Booth; you want our advice, don't you?"

"Yes. Take the responsibility off my shoulders," I answered.

"You say this stone was worth £50,000?" he said, addressing Mr. Mookerjee.

"Not *was*, *is*," said the Indian coolly.

"Where did you get it?"

"In India. If you understand Hindustani, you will find here the whole account of how it came into my possession. It is the history of the stone, tracing it back two hundred years." He took a memorandum-book from his pocket, opened it calmly, and handed it to Leighton.

"I don't understand Hindustani."

"Ah," with a shrug of the shoulders, "then I may summarise the story for you by saying that a very trusted agent of my own purchased it."

"He's a sharp fellow," said Dilworth. "You can neither trace nor test that!"

"You say the stone has been changed?"

"No, no. This gentleman knows of the change," glancing at Jack.

"You are a dealer, and do you mean to say that you can't tell whether this thing"—holding the stone between his finger and thumb—"is a diamond or a bit of glass?"

"I have an affection of the eyes and cannot distinguish things in so dull a light. And I have no glasses with me."

"Well, will you accept this as your diamond if Mr. Booth gives it to you; and will you write a receipt for it?"

"Not now. I offered to take it and it was refused. And now I will only accept the stone in the presence of my bankers, Messrs. Glyn Mills; or some one whom I know and who knows me."

"Then you leave us no alternative but to ask you to allow us to satisfy ourselves that by accident, or otherwise, the real diamond is not hidden in your clothing."

"It is a singular thing to be asked to be searched for one's own property."

"Nevertheless, I ask it," said Leighton.

"If I consent to what I feel a degradation, I do so only under protest, and because I appreciate the awkward position in which Mr. Booth is placed. I wish him to understand that I will do anything that may be necessary to clear up the affair."

We took them both into my bedroom and searched every stitch of their clothing with the most scrupulous minuteness, keeping the two apart while we did so. Dilworth entered into the search with great zest, and Mr. Leighton said he would have found a threepenny bit if it had been hidden in the clothes of either.

But we found no trace of the stone whatever.

It was plain that, wherever it was, it was not on either of the Indians.

In my opinion the search, being fruitless, had only rendered the complication more mystifying; but Mr. Leighton took another view.

"Well, that straightens out one bend," he said. "It shows that this gentleman has not the stone in his possession; and that he can't therefore take it away with him; and, further, that it's useless keeping him here any longer."

"If you take my tip," burst in Dilworth, "you'll just send for a Scotland Yard man, Harold, and give Mookerjee in charge. There's something fishy about this, or my name's fool."

"What end will you gain by that?" asked Leighton quickly, annoyed by Jack's impetuous interference. "It's as plain as

A £50,000 Stone

a pikestaff that they haven't got the stone, and that all they want is to get it; and"

"That's all right," interrupted Dilworth. "But there's something hanky-panky here."

"Well, Mr. Booth can do as he likes, but if he takes my advice, he'll do nothing of the kind. That is my decided opinion."

"Look here, Jack," I said—we were holding a whispered consultation apart—"do this. You go home with them and satisfy yourself they're all right. I know he's a member of the National Constitutional; you saw by his cheque-book that we took out of his pocket that he does bank at Glyn's as he says; we found enough money on him to show that he has plenty, and there wasn't a scrap of anything on him to suggest that he wasn't what he said, a diamond dealer in a biggish way. Think what a mess I should be in if I gave him in charge and couldn't prove anything."

"But he changed the diamond, man. What more do you want?" returned Dilworth warmly.

"Well, I shan't risk it. I daren't. Go home with him; it's much the best way."

"It's perfectly plain that if he did change the stone it's here in this room now, and we can find it," said Leighton.

"Can you?" growled Dilworth. "You forget that when the youngster shammed a fit, for sham it was of course, the father went to the window crying for air."

"Did he?" cried Leighton. "Wait a minute," and he rushed out of the room, and we heard him run down the stairs at a rapid pace.

In five minutes he was back.

"It's all right," he said. "I went down to examine the snow on the grass-plot in front of your windows. There is not a mark of any kind on it, let alone a footprint. No one has been on it since the snow fell last night; and thus he could not have thrown anything out of the window to anybody below."

The Indian smiled as he heard this.

"I'll go with them," said Jack, giving in, though not graciously. "Mind, I give way dead against my own wishes."

I explained the decision to Mr. Mookerjee, who fell in with it readily, and said:

"Mr. Booth, I will do all in my power to help you. It is a most unpleasant position for you. There is some very grave mistake about the stone, and we must try to overcome it together. If you are at the club

to-night, I shall be pleased to meet you, after I have satisfied your friend that I am not quite what he thinks me."

"What do you really think of it all?" I asked Mr. Leighton, as soon as they had gone.

"As to what it all means, I don't pretend to say; but there's one thing as clear as it can be. If you two are not mistaken about the diamond being changed, we shall find it in this room. That man when he changed the stone, if he did change it, either threw it out of the window, packed it about his or his youngster's clothing, or dropped it somewhere in the room. My only theory is this. Supposing he wanted for some reason or other to ring the changes, he reckoned on you not finding it out till he'd left the room. Probably he packed it somewhere in the boy's clothes when he was on the floor. He tried to get away directly after that, you know. Then the discovery of the change took him by surprise, and he knew that he would have to dispose of it somewhere here. He was sharp enough to guess he'd be searched; and he probably popped it down in some corner when you weren't watching him, meaning to pick it up if he could, after the search. That's why I kept such a sharp eye on him after the search, and why I wanted him out of the way soon."

"You mean that he hid the stone while Dilworth was fetching you? But then, he didn't move from his chair, nor did the boy, the whole time. Not an inch. Besides, my eyes were never off them for an instant."

"I know. That's just what one says about a conjuror when you don't follow his trick. But they must have moved; because they must have got rid of the stone. Probably the father took off your attention while the lad did the hiding."

"But what do they want to play such a fool's game of hide-and-seek for?"

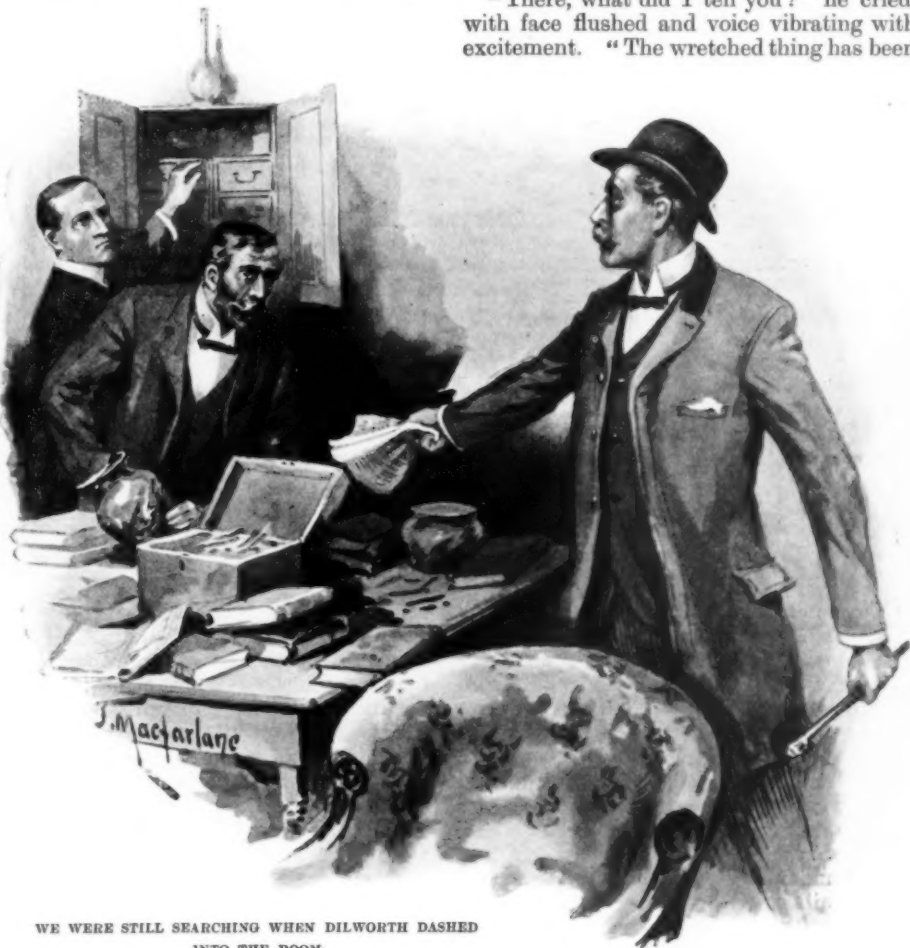
"It's safer in things like this to gather a man's motives from his acts, not to try and trace his acts by first guessing his motives. Perhaps he wanted to fake things, so as to frighten something out of you by making you unable to produce his stone to-morrow. Perhaps he only wanted to get the stone into his possession quicker than you seemed disposed to give it to him; not trusting you, you know. But it's no use wasting time in talk about this; let's get to work and do the searching."

A £50,000 Stone

We did. I never worked so hard before; and I never before had an idea of the number and variety of the articles of furniture there were in the chambers. For an hour and a half we both worked like slaves, and Leighton was an expert at the business and knew how to save both time

began to use strong language, first at the furniture, then at the Indians, next at the diamond, and lastly at himself. But it made not a bit of difference; and we were still searching when Dilworth came rushing up the stairs, two at a bound, and dashed excitedly into the room.

"There, what did I tell you?" he cried, with face flushed and voice vibrating with excitement. "The wretched thing has been



WE WERE STILL SEARCHING WHEN DILWORTH DASHED INTO THE ROOM

and trouble. We turned out everything from every spot where a diamond could possibly have been hidden, and wherever the Indian had been, stood, or sat, or walked during the time he was in the place. Where the boy had had his "fit," we took up the carpet—in short, we searched everywhere, high and low in both rooms.

But absolutely to no purpose.

Leighton lost his temper completely and

stolen and there's a reward of £2000 offered for it. It's in all the 'evenings,' to-night. Here's the *Gazette*."

"Where is Mookerjee then?" asked Leighton quickly.

Jack's face fell.

"The fellow slipped through my fingers like an eel; and I was coming back to tell you, when I bought the *Gazette* and read this. Listen."

A £50,000 Stone

"£2000 REWARD.

"Stolen from a house in St. Anne's Gate a single diamond of exceptional value. It has been taken from a diadem, and there is nothing to identify it beyond its quite unusual size, purity, and value. A reward of TWO THOUSAND POUNDS will be paid for its recovery if it is returned promptly; and no questions will be asked. Information to be given to Messrs. Dallas, solicitors, 230 Great George Street, Westminster."

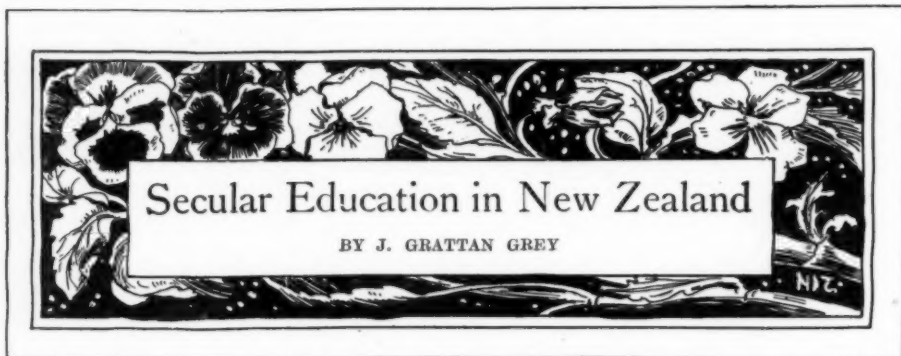
"There, what do you think of that?" exclaimed Dilworth, as he finished reading,

and threw the paper across to me. "Now, who was right about keeping that oily Indian in hand?"

"It's a pity you let him through yours," said Leighton crossly.

"It's a pity you let him have the chance," retorted Dilworth angrily. "It's one thing to keep a man when you've got him inside four walls, and another when he's got all London to dodge you in. Your precious caution has cost Booth a couple of thousand pounds. The advice was dear enough to be good, anyway," and he laughed with genuinely bitter scorn.

(To be continued.)



IT is now many years since the various colonies of the Australasian group adopted a free, secular, and compulsory system of public education; and that system having advanced far beyond its experimental stages, it is opportune to take a retrospective glance at its successes and failures—in the first place so far as the spread of general secular knowledge is concerned, and in the next in so far as the social and moral conditions of the rising generation are involved in its undoubted effects upon Antipodean communities.

But before entering upon a comparison between the results of the old system and the new, it is necessary to give a brief outline of the progress of education in those distant lands before denomination-alism received its *coup de grâce* by legislative enactments which transferred the conduct of public instruction from the various religious bodies to the State. In countries which from the earliest periods of colonisation refused to recognise the paramountcy of any particular church, a healthy rivalry, in education as in other affairs, was the

natural outcome of this freedom of individual and collective effort. The various religious communities vied with each other in their exertions for the moral and intellectual advancement of the children. Schools were provided not only in the large centres of population, but in outlying districts within the limits of settlement, and, aided by annual grants from the State, these religious bodies provided a sound course of instruction, not merely in the primary institutions they established, but in the higher paths of worldly teaching, and some of them were enabled to found colleges, which to this day are doing good and effective work. Religious instruction was of course a prominent feature of the daily routine at these primary and secondary establishments, and young men and women emerged from them not only well-grounded in those subjects essential to their material fitness in worldly affairs, but solidly impressed with moral precepts without whose possession really good citizenship is impossible. The measure of State assistance, however, was not large enough to permit

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of these religious bodies throwing open their schools free of charge. They were compelled to levy school fees, and it is just possible that they were a little too exacting in the enforcement of these weekly charges. It is undeniable that either through the carelessness of some parents or inability to send their children regularly to school, many children were growing up in absolute ignorance, although not in such numbers as to justify the howl that was raised against the inefficiency of the denominational system. Any of its apparent defects could have been easily remedied by a more liberal display of State aid, but governments showed no desire to increase their grants, and denominationalism was doomed. It suited the politicians of the time to proclaim loudly against it, and the offer of free education was the bait devised for its destruction. The masses swallowed it readily, and as a consequence the denominational system was ruthlessly destroyed, without even as much as a grateful acknowledgment of the good work it had done and was capable of doing if it had been assisted to the extent it ought to have been by those who controlled the public funds.

The interpretation of the "secular" system varies somewhat in the different colonies. In New South Wales, Scripture lessons are given as part of the regular school curriculum; and facilities are given besides to clergymen to impart religious instruction within specified school hours to children whose parents belong to their denomination and desire that such instruction should be given. In Victoria, religion has been strictly forbidden to be taught during school hours, and at no time has a State-school teacher been permitted to give instruction therein. Experience has shown, however, that State schools conducted upon principles so exclusively non-religious have retrograded in popularity, and that a serious falling-off in the attendance has occurred. Secularists attribute this appreciable diminution to the general scheme of retrenchment given effect to in recent years to restore the financial equilibrium in that colony, but much of it is due to the exclusion of religious teaching, with its consequential effects upon the rising generation, so noticeable also in New Zealand. It was mainly for this reason, and because of the efforts of the Scripture Education League, that a Royal Commission was recently appointed for the purpose of preparing such Scripture lessons

as might be acceptable to all denominations. In Tasmania opportunities are offered for giving religious instruction out of school hours; and in South Australia religious instruction is not allowed to be given except out of ordinary school hours. Practically speaking, these "after school hours" stipulations are no concessions at all, because it is most distasteful to children to attend religious instruction either after the schools have closed for the day, or during any other time when their schoolmates may be enjoying their games in the playgrounds or elsewhere.

One need not go outside New Zealand to adduce facts and draw comparisons and conclusions from the adoption of the new system for the old. It was in 1887 that the Minister for Education (the Hon. C. C. Bowen) propounded his scheme for the complete secularisation of all the public schools in that colony. Briefly stated, it meant the establishment of primary and secondary schools under the control and management of the State, the absolute withdrawal of all assistance from the denominational schools already in existence, the exclusion of religious teaching, the support of the newly-erected establishments from the revenues of the country, and the opening of their doors to all children free of charge. The acceptance of these proposals was the death-blow of denominationalism. The religious communities were to be starved out by the process of throwing them entirely upon their own resources, and private schools were also to suffer by these measures of extinction. It was naturally enough concluded by the enemies of denominationalism that the religious bodies could never keep their schools open and make a charge whilst the State schools were free to all, and the result was only what might have been expected. In most instances, the attendance at the denominational schools almost immediately dwindled down to vanishing point; they were without funds for the payment of their teachers; in vain they protested against the unfairness of having themselves to contribute to the support of schools they did not conscientiously believe in whilst they were denied any participation in the State funds. All protests were futile, and they were reluctantly compelled to bow to the inevitable and retire from educational work, as a general rule. The Roman Catholics, however, have absolutely refused to come under

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the State system, and some Anglican, Presbyterian, and other congregations have succeeded till this day in supporting good schools of their own. But, however efficient these Roman Catholic, Anglican, Presbyterian, and other schools may be, they suffer the disability of being denied the privilege of State inspectorship, and as certificates are necessary before any scholars can put themselves forward for examination as candidates for the Civil Service, they have either eventually to go to these schools against their will or surrender their chance of employment in the public service of the colony. They are quite willing, in fact have time and again requested, that their schools should be inspected regularly by the Inspectors employed by Education Boards, fully convinced that they will be found to comply with all the requirements of the State so far as the standards of secular instruction and general efficiency are concerned, but these requests have been systematically refused. Thus it happens that the Roman Catholics, some congregations of Anglicans, Presbyterians, and other religious bodies have schools equal in all secular respects to those entirely supported by the State—schools which they cannot conscientiously avail themselves of—and yet they contribute in equal proportion per head to the general taxation of the colony without having a single penny returned to them to assist in the maintenance of their own establishments. Such self-denial and continuous endeavour, because of their scruples of conscience, are worthy of recognition and better treatment.

When it is considered that the State expends something like half-a-million annually out of its consolidated revenue upon education, some idea may be formed of the amount of that large sum which comes out of the pockets of those who, for conscience' sake, are opposed to the secular system; and surely in the name of equity and justice they have a right to demand that the schools they are so voluntarily and cheerfully supporting should be included in this distribution of the yearly grant for education purposes. If their schools were not maintained upon the same level of efficiency as the State schools, there would be some excuse for the exceptionally bad treatment they are subjected to, but they challenge comparison, and are powerless to demonstrate publicly what is privately known to be the case when the State In-

spectors are told by Education Boards that the inspection of denominational schools does not come within the scope of their duties. At the very least, the right of public inspection should not be so steadfastly denied them when they clamour for it and feel perfectly confident of the result.

But this denial of public inspection is part and parcel of the plan to secularise the whole growing generation. The education question in New Zealand, as in other colonies, has degenerated into a great political factor which obtrudes itself upon all occasions of electioneering warfare in that colony. When parliamentary candidates present themselves to the electors, the first desideratum is that they are sound upon the education question, their soundness consisting in the pledge demanded of them that they will oppose any disturbance of the secular system. No evasive answer will do if a candidate hopes to be successful at the poll. Whether he conscientiously believes so or not, the average parliamentary candidate will not sacrifice his chances of £240 a year, with other pickings, by declaring that the case of the denominationalists deserves to be considered in the way of State aid to their schools. He must be an out-and-out secularist, in most of the electorates at all events, if he hopes to be returned, even at the cost of sacrificing his own honest convictions. Time and again the question of State aid crops up, but despite the persistency of the Roman Catholic Church and other religious bodies in that direction, there is no immediate hope of the system being interfered with to that extent. State aid dependent upon the result of public inspection is what the Roman Catholics limit their claims to; but failing to obtain both these concessions, the opponents of the system who belong to other denominations desire at the very least to have Bible-reading permitted in the public schools. But they are at once confronted with the cry that Bible-reading in schools means the insertion of the thin end of the wedge of denominationalism, and this is the bogey which is always advanced to suit political ends. The masses are assured that a return to denominationalism means the destruction of the free system, and the poorer classes do not see that under a reformed system religious teaching does not necessarily imply that they will have to pay for the secular instruction their children receive at schools which may

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be either public or denominational upon a fair basis of financial assistance from the State. In that case the selection of particular schools to send their children to would be in their own hands.

It cannot be denied that under the State school system the spread of education has been very great, and that the returns of children upon the rolls show an astounding increase when compared with the number receiving education at the period when denominational schools were wiped out of existence. But it must be borne in mind that the population of New Zealand has increased enormously since that time, and therefore a comparison of the returns then and now cannot be advanced as a conclusive argument in favour of the secular system. It must also be remembered that the denominational schools received very niggardly assistance from State funds, and there is no real ground for supposing that they would not have made equal headway if they had been endowed as liberally as the State schools have been ever since they came into existence. Therefore it is unfair to suppose that with adequate endowments the denominational system would not have accomplished quite as much as the secular system has done during the two last decades. The difference between them is, that the one was practically starved out, while the other has been fattened with a liberality which has known no stint, as a reference to the annual appropriations by Parliament will testify.

New South Wales affords a striking illustration of the healthy rivalry which was created in that colony under the mixed system of national and denominational schools which prevailed there until 1866, when the National and Denominational Boards were swept away. At that date there were 259 National schools in New South Wales, with an attendance of 19,641 pupils. The Denominational schools numbered no less than 317, with an attendance of 27,986 pupils; and there were also 604 private schools giving instruction to 15,556 children, boys and girls. In December of that year the National and Denominational Boards were abolished, as the forerunner of what happened in 1882, when aid to denominational schools was withdrawn. But a consideration of the foregoing statistics establishes the fact that a preference existed for denominational and private schools as against those of a purely national character;

and the same preference would again assert itself if denominational and private schools had the opportunity of establishing their claims to State assistance upon the basis of periodical inspection which is now denied them.

One must of course recognise that it is the duty of the State to see that all its children are educated up to a certain standard, but there the State's obligation ceases, after making adequate provision for the highest possible educational achievements by all poorer children of conspicuous ability. New Zealand goes several steps in this direction, but as a rule its scholarships are not of sufficient value to enable the children of poorer parents to take advantage of them. It generally happens that these children have to be withdrawn from school in order to assist in the maintenance of the family, whereas the children of people in good positions are enabled to advance from the primary to the secondary schools and onward to their university course. Despite these obvious inequalities, the masses have it constantly dinned into their ears that the free and secular system of education in New Zealand is entirely for their own benefit, and that a return to denominationalism would deprive them of advantages specially conferred upon themselves. It is by this method of political trickery that the votes of the masses are recorded for the maintenance of a system which only requires a little reflection to show that the lion's share of advantages are reaped by people in the higher positions of life. And apart altogether from secular teaching, it must be admitted that the necessity for religious instruction is more apparent in the case of the children of the poor than of the rich. Obviously from their very surroundings the former incur greater risks from its exclusion, and hence it is that in all schools it should at least be optional with those attending them.

Although the efforts of New Zealand denominationalists have hitherto been unavailing, they have no reason to be discouraged in their agitation against the godless system which has prevailed there for more than twenty years. It is satisfactory to think that their ranks are gradually swelling, and that a greater number of children than formerly are being attracted to their schools and private institutions because of the growing objections to a purely secular system. Without for one

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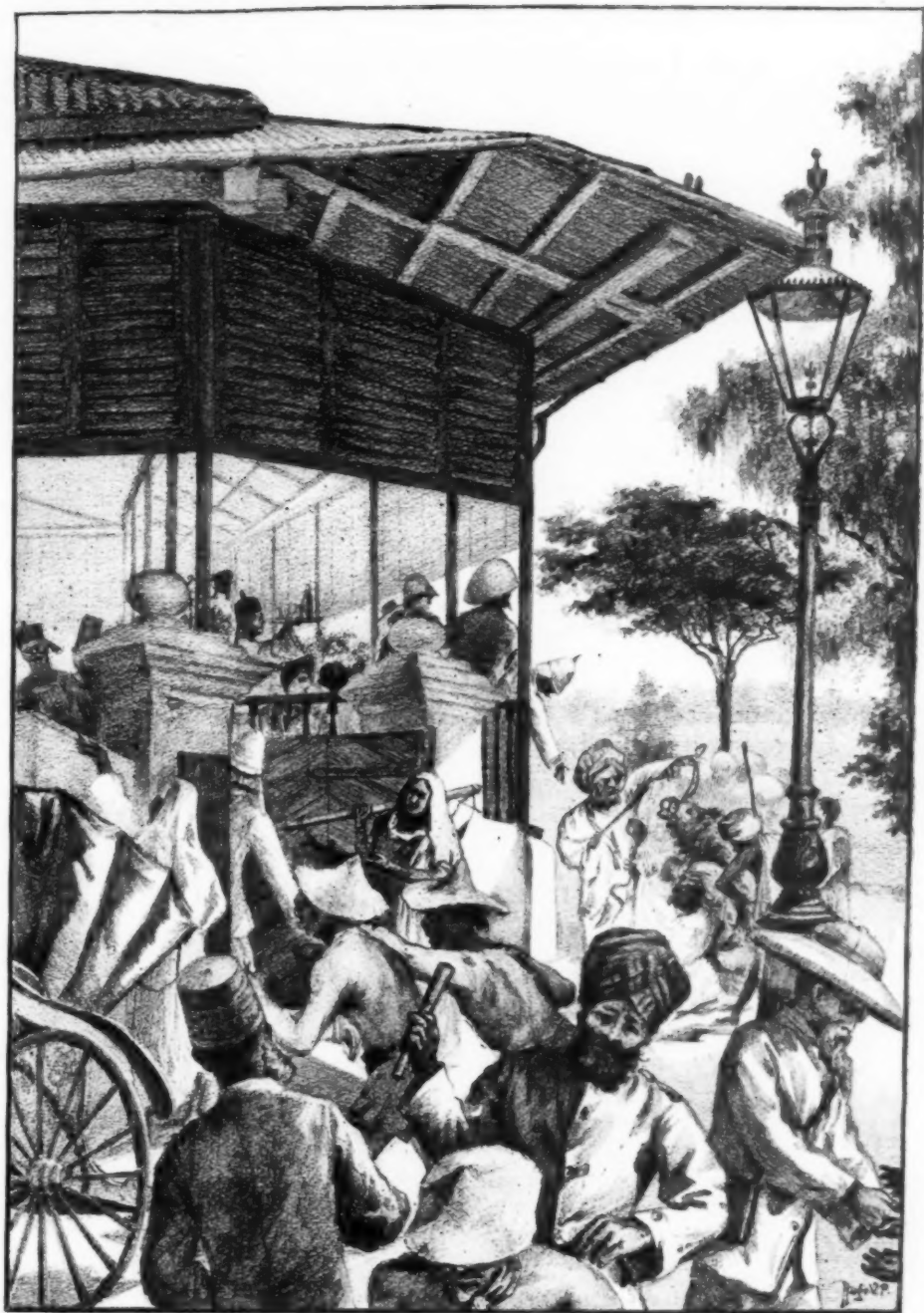
moment desiring to pose as a purist or moralist, my observation of the working of that system convinces me that the future well-being of the colony demands a change. and that the exclusion of religious teaching has been a mistake in the past. No observant person can fail to be struck with the utter want of reverence on the part of very many of the children attending these State schools, their general lack of good manners and of respect for their seniors and superiors. Let any one go in the vicinity of a State school at times when the children are dismissed, especially in the larger cities and towns, and his ears will be assailed by the coarsest language and profanity from the lips of children of the earliest school age upwards. What a difference he will observe in the demeanour and language of those children who, fortunately for themselves, are the regular attendants of denominational establishments! The contrast is greater than can be conceived by those who have not had the opportunity of witnessing for themselves this deplorable outcome of the purely secular system in State schools. Under these circumstances, how is it possible for a generation to grow up with those loftier ideals which will enable them to lead good and honourable lives, and to be exemplary in all their dealings and intercourse with their fellow-men? No purely secular system of State education will conduce to this, and it is gratifying to think that so many people in New Zealand are beginning to find that out.

My contention is that any system is imperfect which does not provide for the moral as well as the material instruction of the young. For all the years it has been in existence the State school system of New Zealand has ignored this obligation, and the recommendations of Anglican Synods and Presbyterian Assemblies have been systematically unheeded. The ministers of these two great branches of the Christian Church are only too willing to visit the public schools at any times that may be considered most convenient to impart religious instruction to their own children, but their offers have been refused. Bible-reading even, without the least approach to dogmatic teaching, has been resisted under the flimsy pretext that the tendency of this innovation would be to place free education in jeopardy. In this manner the religious bodies are kept outside the threshold of all public schools

and at the same time are denied any participation in the enormous amount which is annually applied to educational purposes, and to which they contribute under the taxation which is imposed upon all alike. If the majority insists upon the maintenance of State schools, surely the reading of portions of the Holy Scriptures from day to day will not make them less free than they now are; and in the absence of that concession, surely some respect should be shown for the conscientious scruples of the minority. They should receive their fair proportion of the public funds, that they may be enabled to establish and maintain schools in accordance with their own conceptions of what is right and proper for the spiritual and material welfare of the children who attend them. These denominational schools, sufficiently subsidised, may be as free as any others in the land, and regular inspection will ensure the required standard of efficiency which entitles them to financial assistance from the State.

It may be argued that this recognition of the claims advanced by the denominationalists might have the effect of encouraging the growth of religious animosities amongst the people of the colony. The best and completest answer to that bogey is that no such animosity existed during all those years when denominationalism with regard to education was in full swing in New Zealand, and none need therefore be apprehended from a return to that system. The truth is that in the colonies religious toleration prevails to an extent that is not to be observed in some older countries; each church stands upon its own merits, all of them working without friction towards the same end, and people are none the less neighbourly, helpful, or charitable in disposition because they do not worship in the same edifice.

[NOTE.—We have allowed our contributor, who has a large experience of Colonial affairs, to state his views in favour of denominational education. It is right, however, to say that many friends of religious education, representing all the Protestant Churches, think that the New South Wales—or a similar—system of Bible lessons, which may be called a compromise between denominationalism on the one hand and absolute secularism on the other, might be most suitably adopted in all the Australasian colonies.—*Ed. L. H.*]



Drawn by Hugo von Federsen

SCENE AT SINGAPORE

(VERANDAH OF THE HÔTEL DE L'EUROPE ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE EUROPEAN MAIL)

Fish-Drugging in the South Seas

BY LOUIS BECKE

IN an American magazine of a few months ago, mention was made of the "discovery" of a method of capturing fish by impregnating the waters of slowly-running rivers or small lakes with a chemical which would produce stupefaction, and cause the fish to rise helpless to the surface. The American discoverer no doubt thought he really had "discovered"; though I am sure many thousands of people in the civilised world have heard of, and some few hundreds very often seen, fish captured in a somewhat similar manner. The custom is, I believe, practised not only in India, Africa, and South America, but in the islands of the North and South Pacific; and I have no doubt but that it was known thousands of years ago—perhaps even "when the world was young."

Nearly all the Malayo-Polynesian people inhabiting the high, mountainous islands of the South Pacific and North Pacific Oceans can, and do, catch fish in the "novel" manner before-mentioned—*i.e.* by producing stupefaction, though no chemicals are used; while even the Australian aborigines—about as low a type of savage as the Fuegians—use a still simpler method, which I will at once briefly describe, as I saw it practised by a mob of myall (wild) blacks camped on the Kirk River, a tributary of the great Burdekin River in North Queensland.

At a spot where the stream was about a hundred feet wide, and the water very shallow—not over six inches in depth—a rude but efficient dam was expeditiously constructed by thrusting branches of she-oak and ti-tree into the sandy bottom, and then making it partially waterproof by quickly filling the interstices with earthen sods, ti-tree bark, reeds, leaves, and the other *débris* found on the banks. In the centre a small opening was left, so as to relieve the pressure when the water began to rise. Some few hundred yards further up were a chain of water-holes, some of which were deep, and in all of which, as I knew by experience, were plenty of fish—bream, perch, and a species of grayling. As soon as the dam was completed the whole mob, except some "gins" (native women) and children, who were

stationed to watch the opening before-mentioned, sprang into the water, carrying with them great quantities of a greasy greyish-blue kind of clay, which quickly dissolved and charged the clear water with its impurities. Then, too, at the same time, thirty or forty of their number (over a hundred) began loosening and tearing away portions of the overhanging bank, and toppling them over into the stream; this they accomplished very dexterously by means of heavy, pointed sticks. The work was carried out with an astounding clamour, those natives in the water diving to the bottom and breaking up the fallen earth still further, till each pool became the colour and something of the consistency of green pea-soup. Hundreds of fish soon rose gasping to the surface, and these were at once seized and thrown out upon the banks, where a number of young "piccaninnies" darted upon them to save them being devoured by a swarm of mongrel dogs, who lent an added interest to the proceedings by their incessant yelping and snapping. As the slowly-running current carried the suffocating and helpless fish down-stream, the hideous noise increased, for the shallow stretch in front of the dam was soon covered with them—bream and the so-called "grayling," perch, eels, and some very large cat-fish. The latter is one of the most peculiar-looking, but undoubtedly the best flavoured of all the Queensland freshwater fish; it is scaleless, tail-less, blue-grey in colour, and has a long dorsal spike like the salt-water "leather-jacket." (A scratch from this spike is always dangerous, as it produces intense pain, and often causes blood-poisoning.) Altogether over a thousand fish must have been taken, and I gazed at the destruction with a feeling of anger, for these pools had afforded my mining mates and myself excellent sport and a very welcome change of diet from the eternal beef and damper. But a few days later, after our black friends had wandered off to other pastures, I was delighted to find that there were still plenty of fish in the pools.

* * * * *

Early in the "seventies" I was ship-

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wrecked with the once notorious Captain "Bully" Hayes, on Kusaie (Strong's Island), the eastern outlier of the Caroline Islands of the North Pacific, and lived there for twelve happy months, and here I saw for the first time the method of fish stupefaction employed by the interesting and kindly-natured people of this beautiful spot.

I had previously seen, in Eastern Polynesia, the natives drugging fish by using the pounded nuts of the *futu* tree (*Barringtonia speciosa*), and one day, as I was walking with a native friend along the beach near the village in which I lived, I picked up a *futu* nut lying on the sand, and remarked that in the islands to the far south the people used it to drug fish.

Kusis laughed—"Futu is good, but we of Kusaie do not use it—we have *oap*, which is stronger and better. Come, I will show you some *oap* growing, and to-morrow you shall see how good it is."

Turning off to our right, we passed through a grove of screw-pines, and then came to the foot of the high mountain range traversing the island, where vine and creeper and dense jungle undergrowth struggled for light and sunshine under the dark shade of giant trees, whose thick leafy branches a hundred feet above were rustling to the wind. Here, growing in the rich red soil, was a cluster of *oap*, a thin-stemmed, dark-green-leaved plant about three feet in height. Kusis pulled one by the roots, and twisted it round his left hand; a thick, white and sticky juice exuded from the bark.

"It 'sickens' the fish very quickly," he said, "quicker than the *futu* nut. If much of it be bruised and thrown into the water, it kills the largest fish very soon, and even turtles will 'sicken.' It is very strong."

I asked him how the people of Kusaie first became acquainted with the properties of the plant. He shook his head.

"I do not know. God made it to grow here in Kusaie in the days that were dark" (heathenism), "and when we were a young people. A wise man from Germany was here ten years ago, and he told us that the people of Ponapé, far to the west, use the *oap*, even as we use it, but that in Ponapé the plant grows larger and is more juicy than it is here."¹

¹ "The wise man from Germany." I ascertained a year or two afterwards, was the well-known J. S. Kubary, a gentleman who, although engaged in trading pursuits, yet enriched science by his writings on his discoveries in Micronesia.

Early on the following morning, when the tide was falling, and the jagged pinacles of coral rock began to show on the barrier reef opposite the village, the entire population—about sixty all told—were awaiting Kusis and myself outside his house. The men carried small unbarbed fish-spears, the women and children baskets and bundles of *oap*.

From the village to the reef was a distance of two miles, which we soon covered by smart paddling in a dozen or more canoes; for had we delayed we should, through the falling tide, have been obliged to leave our stranded crafts on the sand half-way, and walked the remainder.

I need not here attempt to describe the wondrous beauties of a South Sea coral reef at low tide—they have been fully and ably written about by many distinguished travellers—but the barrier reef of Strong's Island is so different in its formation to those of most other islands in the Pacific, that I must, as relative illustration to this account of the fishing by *oap*, mention its peculiarity.

Instead of the small clefts, chasms, and pools which so frequently occur on the barrier reefs of the mountainous islands of Polynesia and Melanesia, and which at low tide are untenanted except by the smallest varieties of rock-fish, here were a series of deep, almost circular miniature lakes, set in a solid wall of coral rock with an overlapping ledge, which made the depth appear greater than it was, especially when one stood on the edge and looked down to the bottom four to six fathoms below.

In all of these deep pools were great numbers of fish of many varieties, size, and colour; some swimming to and fro or resting upon the sandy bottom, others moving upwards and then downwards in the clear water with lazy sweep of tail and fin. One variety of the leather-jacket tribe was very plentiful, and their great size was excelled only by their remarkable ugliness; their ground colour was a sombre black, traversed by three broad bands of dull yellow. Some of the largest of these fish weighed quite up to twenty pounds, and were valued by the natives for their delicacy of flavour. This species would always take a hook, but the Strong's Islanders seldom attempted to capture them in this manner, for their enormous, hard, sharp, and human-like teeth played havoc with an ordinary fish-hook, which, if smaller than a salmon-

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hook, they would snap in pieces, and as their mouths are very small (in fact, the leather-jacket's mouth is ridiculous when compared to its bulk), larger and stronger hooks could not be used.

Another and smaller variety were of a brilliant light blue with vividly scarlet-tipped fins and tail, a perfectly defined circle of the same colour round the eyes, and protruding teeth of a dull red. These we especially detested for their villainous habit of calmly swimming up to a pendant line, and nipping it in twain, apparently out of sheer humour. Well have the Samoans named the leather-jacket *Isu'umu Moana*—the sea-rat!

In one or two of the deeper pools were red, bream-shaped fish that I had in vain tried to catch with a hook, using every possible bait, but the natives assured me that I was only wasting my time, as they fed only upon a long thread-like worm, which lived in the coral, and that a spear or the *oap* was the only way of capturing them. So far I had never actually handled one, but on this occasion we secured some dozens. Here and there we caught sight of a young hawksbill turtle darting out of sight under the ledge of the overhanging walls of coral, putting to flight thousands of small fish of a score of shapes and colours.

We waited until the tide had fallen still lower and until the whole surface of the great sweeping curve of reef stood out bare and steaming under the bright tropic sun. Westward lay the ocean, smooth as a mill-pond, with only a gentle, heaving swell laving the outer wall of the coral barrier. Here and there upon its surface, communities of snowy white terns hovered and fluttered, feeding upon small fish, or examining floating weed for tiny red and black crabs, no bigger than a pea. Eastward and across the now shallowed water of the lagoon was our village of Leassé, the russet-hued, saddled-backed houses of thatch peeping out from the coco-palms and breadfruit trees; beyond, the broken, rugged outline of the towering mountain range, garmented from base to summit with God's mantle of living green; overhead a sky of wondrous, unspiced blue.

We were all sitting on the rocks, on the margin of the best and largest pool, smoking and chatting, when at a sign from Kusis, who was the head-man (or local chief) of the village, the women took their bundles of *oap*, and laying the plants upon smooth portions of the reef, began to pound

them with round heavy stones brought from the village for the purpose. As each bundle was crushed and the sticky white juice exuded, it was rolled into a ball, used like a sponge to wipe up and absorb all the liquid that had escaped, and then handed to the men and boys, who leaped into the pool, and dived to the bottom, thrusting the balls of *oap* underneath every lower ledge and crevice, and then rising quickly to the surface and clambering out again. In less than five minutes the once crystal water had changed to a pale milky-white, thousands upon thousands of tiny fish about half-an-inch in length, and of many hues, began to rise to the surface; then others of a larger size, which the women at once scooped up with small nets; then presently, with much splashing and floundering, two or three of the handsome red fish I have described, with a great leather-jacket, came up, and lying on their sides, flapped helplessly on the surface. Other kinds, of the mullet species, came with them, trying to swim upright, but always falling over on their sides, and yet endeavouring to lift their heads above the water as if gasping for air. Then more big leather-jackets, some of which shot up from below as if they had been fired from a mortar, and, running head on to the rocky wall of the pool, allowed themselves to be lifted out without a struggle. It was most exciting and intensely interesting to witness.

Presently up came a half-grown hawksbill turtle, his poor head erect and swaying from side to side; a boy leapt in, and seizing it by its flippers pushed it up to some women, who quickly carried the creature to a small pool near by, where it was placed to recover from the effect of the *oap*, and then be taken ashore to the village turtle-dock to grow and fatten for killing. (The "turtle-dock," I must explain, was a walled-in enclosure—partly natural, partly artificial—situated in a shallow part of the lagoon, wherein the Leassé people confined those turtle that they could not at once eat; sometimes as many as thirty were thus imprisoned, and fed daily.)

Out of this one pool—which I think was not more than fifteen yards across—we obtained many hundredweights of fish, and three turtle. All fish which were too small to be eaten were thrown into other pools to recover from the effects of the *oap*. The very smallest, however, did not recover, and were left to float on the

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surface and become the prey of large fish when the incoming tide again covered the reef.

I must here relate an incident that now occurred, for it will serve to illustrate the resourcefulness and surgical knowledge of a race of people whom, had they met them, Darwin, Huxley, and Frank Buckland would have delighted in and made known to the world. I shall describe it as briefly and as clearly as possible.

I had brought with me a knife—a heavy, broad-backed, keen-edged weapon, which the Chinese carpenter of our wrecked ship had fashioned out for me from a flat twelve-inch file of Sheffield steel; and Kusi had, later on, made me a wooden sheath for it. In my excitement at seeing a large fish rise to the surface, I used it as a spear, and then, the fish secured, had thrown the knife carelessly down. It fell edge upwards in a cleft of the coral rock, and Kinie, the pretty twelve-year-old daughter of Kusi, treading upon it, cut her left foot to the bone. Her father and myself sprang to her aid, and whilst I was tying the one handkerchief I possessed tightly round her leg below her knee so as to stay the terrible flow of blood, he rapidly skinned a large leather-jacket by the simple process of cutting through the skin around the head and shoulders, and then dragging it off the body by holding the upper edge between his teeth, and then with both hands pulling it downwards to the tail. In less than five minutes the sheet of tough fish-skin was deftly and tightly wrapped round the child's foot, the handkerchief taken off, and replaced by a coir fibre fishing-line, wound round and round below and above the knee. The agony this caused the poor child made her faint; but her father knew what he was about when he ordered two of the women to carry her ashore, take off the covering of fish-skin, cover the foot with wood-ashes, and bind it up again. This was done, and when we returned to the village an hour or two later, I found the girl seated in her father's house, with her injured foot bandaged in a way that would have reflected credit on an M.R.C.S.

After exploiting the large pool, we turned our attention to some of those which were wider, but comparatively shallow, and in these, the bottoms of which were sandy, we obtained some hundreds of mullet and garfish, which were quickly overpowered by the *oap* juice. In all I think that we carried back to the village quite five cwt. of fish,

some of which were very large; the weight of three of the large banded leather-jackets I estimated at fifty pounds.

In after years, in other islands of the Pacific, when I saw the fearful and needless havoc created by traders and natives using vile dynamite cartridges, and so destroying thousands of young fish by one explosion, I tried hard to get them to use either the *futu* nut or the *oap* plant, both of which under many names are known to the various peoples of Eastern Polynesia. But the use of dynamite has an attractive element of danger; it is more sudden and destructive in its effect; it makes a noise and churns up and agitates the water; its violent concussion breaks and smashes the submarine coral forest into which it is thrown, and its terrific shock kills and mutilates hundreds of fish, which, through their bladders bursting, sink and are not recovered.

Only a few years ago, an old and valued American friend of mine—an ex-ship-captain settled in the Gilbert Islands, in the North Pacific—became annoyed at what he deemed to be the excessive price the natives charged for fish. The "excessive price," I may mention, meant that he was asked a quarter of a dollar for a basket of fish weighing fifty or sixty pounds. A quarter of a dollar is equal to an English shilling; but no coin was handed over—two sticks of tobacco, costing the trader five cents, was the equivalent. So my friend decided to show the natives that he could do without them as far as his fish supply went. He bought a box of dynamite, with fuse and caps, from a German trading schooner, and at once set to work, blowing off his right hand within twenty-four hours, through using too short a fuse.

That wretched box of dynamite proved a curse to the island. The natives, despite my friend's accident, bought every cartridge from him, singly, or in lots, and they then began to enjoy themselves. Every hour of the day, for many weeks afterwards, the sullen thud of the explosive could be heard from all parts of the lagoon, followed by applauding shouts. Vast numbers of fish were blown to pieces, for no native would ever think of dividing a cartridge into half-a-dozen portions, and using only one at a time—the entire six-ounce cartridge was used, and sometimes, so short were the fuses, explosions would take place on the surface, to the delight of the children, who said "it was as good to hear as the

Fish-Drugging in the South Seas

cannons of a man-of-war." In the short space of eight weeks there were five serious accidents—one of which ended fatally. I was thankful when the last charge had been exploded, and although the natives begged me to import a fresh supply, I always declined—not on their account only, but because of the wanton destruction of fish involved.

One day I decided to try and ascertain if *oap* would affect fish by being swallowed. I prepared twenty or thirty small balls of the plant, wrapped each one up carefully in thin strips of fish flesh, so as to thoroughly conceal the contents, and took them out to the "turtle-dock." The dock, although it was a safe enclosure for turtle, yet had many small passages through the coral rock, which permitted the ingress and exit of moderately-sized fish, particularly a variety of black and red-spotted rock-cod.

Throwing in the balls one by one, I watched. Three of them were at once swallowed by a lively young hawkbill turtle, and the remainder were soon seized by some yellow eels and rock-cod, before the

larger and slower-moving turtle (of which there were about twenty in the dock) discerned them. I waited about on the reef in the vicinity for quite three hours or more, returning to the pool at intervals and examining the condition of its occupants. But, at the end of that time, the *oap* had apparently taken no effect, and, as night was near, I returned to the village.

On the following morning I again went to the dock, lowered my line, and caught six rock-cod. In the stomachs of two I found the undigested fibres of the *oap*, which, through expansion, they had been unable to dislodge; but that it had not had any effect on them I was sure, for these two fish were as strong and vigorous, when hooked, as were the four others in whose stomachs there was no sign of *oap*.

The young hawkbill turtle, however, was floating on the surface, and seemed very sick.

Here is a point for ichthyologists. Are the digestive arrangements of a turtle more delicate than those of a fish? Perhaps some reader of the *Leisure Hour* will enlighten me.



GOING TO SCHOOL



COMING HOME

The Future of the South African Colonies¹

WHEN considering the influences that will tell in the future of the South African Colonies, a foremost place will be given to Religion. Where we find all kinds of creeds and religious beliefs, one can do little more than generalise, and say with the prophet, "Righteousness exalteth a nation." A spirit of religion will inculcate habits of industry, sobriety, and morality, often unperceived in their workings, but of vital importance in the formation and continuance of a country.

It must be acknowledged that the elements do not exist to form a democratic government, such as is found in older countries, in the annexed territories. It therefore becomes necessary for these States to be under Crown government. The opportunity should, however, be afforded, to foster and mature a spirit of self-reliance in public affairs, so that at some future time they may be entrusted with the care of their own interests. May we hope that, at no distant day, we may see the Federation of the South African States.

It would be nothing short of a calamity were Sir A. Milner to be removed from South Africa at the present juncture. He commands the respect of the various peoples of this country, so far as is possible under present circumstances. We may rest assured that there will be no irritating procedure while Sir Alfred is in charge, but an even, equable, and winning policy will be maintained, being just what South Africa requires—a period of rest and development.

While the High Commissioner and his Lieutenant-Governors will be appointed from home, I do not see why the advisory council should not be chosen from loyal subjects in South Africa. These might be representative of both the English and Dutch-speaking populations. Such a course would give general satisfaction, and be a beginning to that state of self-government already mentioned as so desirable.

I am confident that we have men capable of fulfilling the duties of such a position, with the advantage of knowing the people and customs of South Africa.

Nothing will so offend the people as to know that their rulers are the subjects of patronage or title, instead of merit. What we require, are capable men of high reputa-

tion and assured position, who will not engage in the many opportunities for amassing wealth that are found in a country so rich in minerals and other resources.

Having got our government, one of the most important works that can engage their attention is that of education. No real or lasting progress can be expected where the people remain ignorant, or the arrangements provided for the children are below those of other and competing nations.

True, there has been attention given to local and individual wants in the Cape Colony, but this does not suffice, as it only affects one section of the people, others do not appreciate the opportunity, while many children are not provided for at all. A system which will reach all, both white and coloured, should be inaugurated. To be complete and effective education must be made compulsory in the towns, arrangements being made for the country districts. I would not hesitate to fix the age up to which education should be compulsory, at fourteen years for white children. It might be found advisable to make that for coloured children a little lower.

Demand for higher education will follow the cultivation of the lower branches. Soon we may see colleges and universities maintained by the State and accessible to all classes of people.

Unless education is promoted with energy and vigour, the progress made in these colonies will lag behind that made in other countries.

In view of the fact that the natives outnumber the whites as ten to one, we should cultivate a spirit of amity with them. If there should be in the future any attempt made to attain Dutch ascendancy in this country, it could only succeed with the help of the native. Their treatment should be kind, but not the less firm on that account. When we have had questions at issue between us, we have often employed diplomats whose only fault was that they did not understand diplomacy; hence has followed misunderstanding and trouble.

The native should be admitted to a share in the government of the country, this privilege being safeguarded by stipulations encouraging him to educate and train himself to habits of industry.

¹ Prize Essay: *Leisure Hour Eisteddfod*.

The Future of the South African Colonies

One question that looms very large before any one thinking of the future of the South African Colonies, is the supply of alcoholic liquors to the native races. Besides being ruinous to himself, it is a source of loss to his employers, and was assuming a very serious aspect in the Transvaal. No honest attempt was made in that country to grapple with the evil, which was growing by leaps and bounds. The large profits obtained by its sale attracted a very undesirable class of residents. It is known that, with this exception, the white people were unanimous for prohibition for native races. If this were successfully accomplished, nothing but good would result to the native himself. I therefore propose to prohibit the importation, manufacture, and sale of intoxicating liquors for native use. To be effective, all three points must be insisted on. I might explain that the liquors supplied to natives were of a vile and inferior kind.

The scheme which is under consideration for the settlement of English people, to add to the white population and to bring about an equipoise of English and Dutch, is of the utmost importance. For a number of years we may look forward to a recrudescence of Krugerism. Only in this way can we render futile any such hopes. If the right people are chosen, they will be a force of strength and influence, wherever they may settle. The result of the attempt at settlement in 1820, and again in 1853, is now seen to have been a great gain to Cape Colony, as the numerous descendants of these settlers have done well, and are loyal to the English Crown. Moral as much as physical reasons should determine the right class of immigrant, who should be frugal, industrious, and contented.

A helping hand might be given in the form of assisted emigration from home. Many who cannot be provided for as settlers will thus find their way here, and be free to engage in the various kinds of employment and trade that offers. One drawback to the advancement of South Africa has been, that people come to make a fortune and return to England. The result is disastrous to public life. We should cease to consider ourselves as birds of passage, and make this our home.

Some years ago a number of hardy fishermen settled near Cape Town. The result is the enterprising little town of Kalk Bay.

From other points along the coast the "Harvest of the Sea" might be sent inland in refrigerator cars.

Irrigation and the plough, under a sunny sky, will, I venture to say, yield astonishing results, besides the possibility of raising two crops yearly and a plentiful supply of fruit. Already the growth of fruit is being undertaken in earnest with good results.

If English goods do not obtain most favour in the new colonies it will only be for want of enterprise and adaptability to the requirements. Time is of the greatest consideration, so that manufacturers should if possible have depôts here. It is useless to expect people to await the arrival of goods, if they can be obtained near at hand. Attention to this will prevent trade going into other hands.

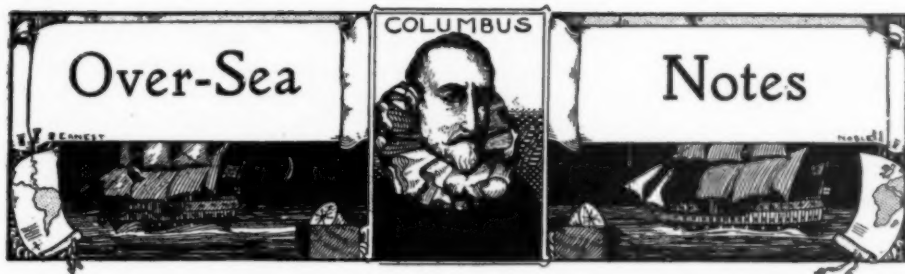
There exists no reason why the exports of South Africa should not greatly exceed its imports. When its resources become worked, its capabilities are beyond estimate. Instead of importing flour, it might, besides supporting a big population of its own, grow enough to supply the whole of Great Britain. When the coal measures of that country become exhausted, it can turn to the Transvaal, where there are coal beds of great magnitude.

To replace the natural deficiency caused by the almost total absence of navigable rivers in South Africa, which elsewhere act as highways, numerous small ports of call should be established along the coast, connected by rail with the agricultural and industrial districts.

Not by "clash of arms" will a country attain eminence. To noble minds free from avarice is entrusted the making of a country great. These will live down, by their example, the mischievous lie, so rampant in this land, that "every man has his price."

A heritage of bitter memories will be left to South Africa at the conclusion of the present war. A distinct line of cleavage has been set up between two people. Let us remember that we have to live together, and when the time comes sink these racial differences for ever. We must bear and forbear, recognising that what remains to us is to work together for our mutual benefit. If attention is given to these, among other things, we may safely predict a happy and glorious future for the Colonies of South Africa.

W. A. PARKER.



From Our Own Correspondents

The Pan-American Exposition

ON May first of this year, the Pan-American Exposition will be opened at Buffalo, New York. As suggested by the name, this Exposition is not to be world-wide in character, but will confine itself strictly to progress of the Western Hemisphere during the Nineteenth Century. So extensive have been the preparations, however, that the Buffalo Exposition will fall short of a world's fair only in name. Buffalo was fittingly chosen as a location since it is highly representative of Nineteenth-Century growth. In the early years of the century it was a mere Indian trading post, while to-day it is a city of 400,000 inhabitants. A large proportion of its power is derived from Niagara Falls, a costly electrical connection having been established between the two points. With power thus transmitted, the street cars in Buffalo, the electric lighting system, and many factories are operated. Much of the machinery and illumination of the Exposition will derive power from the same source. In addition to the regular exhibits from North and South America and the new possessions of the United States, an interesting feature of the Exposition will be the Six Nations Indian Exhibit. This will consist of a collection of genuine Iroquois Indians, representatives being taken from each of the six nations comprising the confederation. The Indians will themselves construct their home at the Exposition and make it as nearly as possible like the historic council-house of the Iroquois, no nails being used in the structure. Interpreters will be stationed near the Indians, and ample opportunity will be afforded the visitor for conversation. Other notable features of the Exposition will be the Stadium (seating 10,000), the Electric Tower (375 feet high), the Temple of Music, and the Captive Balloon.—A. B. R.

Conditions of Domestic Service in the United States

UNTIL recently the United States has relied for its most efficient and best trained servants on England and Germany. A considerable immigration of men and women of this class has been induced by the high wages offered in American cities. Of late, however, this immigration has been greatly reduced, and it is complained that it is now almost impossible to obtain either German or English domestic servants. In accounting for this change, a careful observer attributes it to two causes; the rise in the rates of wages in England and Germany, and the adverse conditions of service in American cities. These adverse conditions may be classed under three heads—hard work, poor accommodation, and uncertain tenure. The work demanded of servants in America, especially in the homes of the wealthy, is much more severe than in similar establishments in England, because the staffs of servants are much smaller, and in an American home two or three girls are expected to do the work which in England would be divided among six or eight. The girls stand the work for eight or ten years, or even sometimes for twelve; but after that they are worn out. They have saved a little money, and they go home and do not return. The immense multiplication of apartment-houses is given as a reason for the poor accommodation. Even the most luxurious and expensive apartments, apartments whose rent runs into thousands of pounds a year, are planned without regard to proper sleeping accommodation for the servants. The servants are often expected to sleep in small, cold, and often dark rooms at the top of the house, or in the basement, with no provision for their comfort or convenience, and often at considerable

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risk to their health. The uncertainty of tenure arises chiefly from the growing habit of most American families of breaking up their households and dispersing their servants at the end of the winter season, when they close their houses, and depart for Europe or for some hotel in a fashionable summer resort. Even when they go to a country home, they rarely take with them their whole staff of servants. They would probably be willing to re-engage the same servants some six or seven months later, when they return to their city homes; but in the meantime the servants must look out for themselves, and find employment, probably in some great hotel or boarding-house, in the summer resorts, where they are compelled to associate with men and women of other nationalities, Swedish, Irish, or coloured servants, an association which is essentially disagreeable to servants of German or English origin. When all these disadvantages are taken into account, and the high rates of wages now paid in England are also considered, there is little wonder that Americans now find it difficult to obtain the well-trained, efficient English servants who are so highly considered in the United States.—A. G. P.

Russian Progress in Asia

THE *Leisure Hour* does not mix itself up with politics in any partisan sense of the term, but still there are certain aspects of the Russian advance in Central Asia which are so interesting and important to every subject of the British Empire that it would be well if they received as wide a circulation as possible. Let us look at the matter from the point of view of political geography. And first with regard to China. Russian diplomacy during the past year or two has been more than usually successful. It is an open secret that the Russian representative at Peking has secured a concession for the building of a railway from the Chinese capital through Kalgan and Urga to Kiachta. Weak denials have come through Russian newspapers, but no responsible politician in England doubts that this line will be commenced as soon as the present troubles are ended. As early as 1727 Russia obtained a concession for a caravan road from Kiachta to Peking. She sent gold and silver and hides to Peking, and exchanged these commodities for tea. With the development of shipping this caravan route fell into disuse, but Russia never lost her hold of the road, which will eventually secure her the possession of so large a slice of

Mongolia. Turning to Corea we find Russia face to face with her watchful rival Japan. But even here she has managed to secure the harbour of Masampo, and has negotiated a loan for Corea of over two million pounds. It is difficult to prophesy a long independent life for this kingdom, situated as it is between the Japanese anvil and the Russian hammer. Of more direct importance to Englishmen are Russia's recent diplomatic successes in Tibet. We do not know all the details, but one thing is certain, that the Russian geographer Badmayeff has induced the Dalai-Lama to send a mission to the Tsar. How far Badmayeff penetrated—it is claimed for him that he reached the mysterious Lhasa—and what the object of this mission is remains in doubt. The British authorities in India, however, are watching the progress of events there with anxious attention, reckoning with the possibility of a Russian ally on their north-eastern frontier. In Persia, Russia seems to have it all her own way. This is certainly the case in Northern Persia. From Teheran comes the news that the Russian Cossack brigade in that city is to be gradually increased from 1500 to 4000 men. One million pounds have been lent to the Shah, partly for the purchase of modern rifles, partly for strengthening the coast defences on the Persian Gulf. In the same direction is the contemplated building of a railway from the Caspian to somewhere on the Straits of Ormuz, a matter already mentioned in the *Leisure Hour*. Russian military instructors swarm in Teheran, and there can be no longer any doubt that the Shah's empire is little by little falling into a state of vassalage to Russia. All these are matters which should be within the knowledge of Englishmen. It is perhaps too much to say that the progress of Russia in Asia threatens our position in the East. Our power there is still great, and we are likely to remain for a long time the greatest of influences in Asia; but our apparently secure position should not blind us to the fact that another power is marching steadily onwards and ranging itself along our frontiers.—M. A. M.

The Woman Movement in Germany

ONE of the last countries to be affected by the great movement for the emancipation of women from many of their disabilities is Germany. The position of women in the Fatherland is not what it is in England and America, or even in France. Their education has been imperfect, the tradition that they are to be exclusively educated for household duties has taken firm

root among all classes of the community, not the least among all classes of women themselves. But the beginnings of a mighty change are more than manifest. The forerunners of the feminist movement, women like Rachel von Varnhagen, Henriette Herz, and Bettina von Arnim, have become household names among modern German women, and their works in which they claim for women all the rights granted to men are being widely read. It is perhaps too early to say that the woman movement in Germany has gained the force, distinction, and universality which characterises the same movement in the United States and in England, but after years of close observation I can state that it is growing in volume, that the growth is healthy, and that important sections of the community are being won to sympathise with its aims and objects. Roughly stated, these aims and objects are the increase of the powers of women to engage in work, and their education on lines which will enable them more than formerly to earn their bread in an independent and honourable way. The leaders of the movement, while not neglecting to assert that home life is that for which women are particularly fitted, are emphatic in declaring that the number of women who cannot hope to possess homes of their own is rapidly increasing, and that if this increasing army of women has no assured prospect of support derived from their own labours, a grave danger must inevitably threaten the entire social system.

Probably the most interesting feature of the woman movement in Germany is its division into two sharply defined sections, one of these being an eminently bourgeois movement, the other as distinctly socialistic. The latter movement is confined almost exclusively to working women, and its leaders are hand-in-hand with the leaders of the Social Democratic party. It works for the systematic organisation of its supporters, has a programme of its own, a political committee, and a board of management which conducts its business on thoroughly scientific and practical principles. The bourgeois movement is hardly in so flourishing a condition, nor is its programme so enthusiastically accepted by its adherents. It is divided into two camps, the elder and the younger branch. The senior branch confines itself to educational influences, maintaining that if women are educated on the right lines, all existing abuses will vanish without the aid of exceptional legislation, and without setting sex against sex in defence of their mutual points of view. The younger movement contends that

in order to combat the evils from which their sex suffers, they must take part in the public discussion of social questions, and in the propaganda against contemporary abuses. The movement calls itself the "Union of Progressive Women's Associations," the elder branch is known as the "Union of German Women's Associations." During the last year or two other female movements have been set in motion, both of them in direct connection with the Church, viz. the "Christian Social Women's Movement" and the "Church Social Women's Movement," but neither of these Unions has much influence, as they confine themselves to the development of institutions for the practice of charity. There is also a Catholic Women's Association, but its aims are too narrow and sectarian. As in England, so in Germany, girls and women are pressing into all branches of industry and trade where their services can be utilised. In Berlin, Hamburg, Munich, Dresden, and other large German cities, shops and business establishments are availing themselves of female assistance in a way unthought of ten years ago. Women are knocking at the doors of universities of the medical and law schools, and insist on gaining admission, and what is more remarkable is that the janitors of these hitherto exclusive places are either at their wits' end to frame a good reason for their exclusion, or are willing to open the gates with only a murmur.—M. A. M.

Italians in Rural New England

Most of the navy work in New England—the building of roads and railroads, the laying of gas and water-pipes, the construction of reservoirs and water-powers—is done by gangs of Italians under English-speaking foremen. These Italians are not usually accompanied by their wives and families, but come alone to the United States to earn a little money and then return to Italy. They are good workmen, frugal and sober, and usually law-abiding, with the exception of occasional outbreaks, sometimes leading to murder, among themselves. In the country districts they frequently build for themselves little frame huts covered with tarpaper, and affording merely room for sleeping. Out of doors, close at hand, they have a small cooking-stove and rough appliances for washing and such laundry work as they do for themselves. Their pay ranges from a dollar and a half, but the usual rate is a dollar and a quarter, or about five shillings a day. They live on a few cents a day for food, eating much that is accounted

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refuse even by the poorest Americans. The season for outdoor work lasts from April to December, and frequently when the winter has set in, and outdoor work has come to an end, very many of the Italians leave for Italy, to return as soon as the frost is out of the ground in April. In their absence their little huts remain shut up and deserted, but they rarely suffer any injury. In fact, New England is so strongly characterised by law-abidingness and respect for property that one rarely sees wanton injury inflicted on any kind of building. I have seen small huts which had been used as shops for the sale of wayside refreshments on country roads, shut up and deserted for over a year, and yet at the end of that time not a window broken or the slightest damage done. When the Italians return from Italy in the spring, and seek again the huts which they occupied the previous year, they usually find them intact except for such damage as may have been done by winter storms and spring thaws.—A. G. P.

A Great Waterworks

WITHIN the next five years, Boston, Massachusetts, expects to be in the enjoyment of the most ample water supply in proportion to population of any city in the New or the Old World. The new reservoirs now in course of construction are to have a capacity of 63,000,000,000 gallons, and will supply, in addition to Boston, whose population is about half a million, six cities with populations ranging from eleven to forty thousand, and six smaller towns. The work was authorised by a law passed by the Massachusetts Legislature in 1895, which created a commission, endowed with full powers, known as the Metropolitan Water Board. The site of the water supply is about thirty miles west of Boston, in a region of mountain and valley, of a formation characteristic of Massachusetts and the surrounding New England States. The rocks are granite and basalt, and the hills are wooded right up to their summits, affording excellent gathering ground for pure and abundant water. The reservoirs are to be formed by the construction of dams and the flooding of a wide valley. The sites of two small towns are to be completely or partially submerged, and the line of a railroad is to be changed, to make room for the new lake. When the great work is complete, it is estimated that all the needs of Boston and of the lesser towns in the Metropolitan Water area will be provided for, for fifty years to come, even after allowing an ample margin for increase of population.—A. G. P.

Spider-Silk in Madagascar

SPIDER-SILK, of which we had such a surprising and beautiful specimen in the Madagascar section of the last Paris Exhibition, is not a recent discovery. Nearly two centuries ago, a Frenchman named Bon, who held an official position at Montpellier, conceived the idea that spiders might be turned to the same industrial use as silk-worms, and experimenting to prove that this was no absurd dream became his hobby. In 1709 he sent some stockings and mittens woven from spiders' silk to the Paris Academy of Sciences, where they were regarded as a rather startling curiosity. But the species of spider suited to this purpose, which M. Bon found in the south of France, was not sufficiently plentiful for him to bring the industry of which he was the pioneer within the bounds of practical usefulness. His stockings and mittens were simply an example of what may be done by the patience of a man who has taken unto himself a hobby. About half a century later, a Spanish priest took up Bon's idea and experimented for thirty-four years with an American species of spider, but his exemplary perseverance was not rewarded with success. After similar attempts by other persons in various countries, a Jesuit missionary in Madagascar, Père Camboné, observing the remarkable silk-producing powers of a certain spider (*Nephila madagascariensis*), plentiful enough in the great African island, decided upon testing the utility of the insect. He imprisoned the spiders in match-boxes, and having fastened them, drew the silk from them. The operation over, they were set free and consoled with flies. Such was the beginning of an industry in Madagascar which, although still in its infancy, has severed itself from match-boxes and has been placed upon a business footing, with all the needful appliances for its extensive development. The spiders are fixed by the thorax, twenty-four together, upon trays, and in such a manner that they are not injured. Ingenious mechanism is employed to draw the silk from the insects and to unite four or more threads according to the resistance that is considered needful. It appears that the spider is capable of furnishing at each operation three hundred and fifty yards, which is greatly in excess of the most industrious silkworm's powers. The thread is of a fine golden colour, and although very much finer than that of the silkworm, it is said to be stronger. The spiders, after their capture, are kept in captivity and highly fed.—E. H. B.

Science and Discovery

BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

Comparative Cost of Power

MECHANICAL engineers and business men generally aim at obtaining a maximum amount of energy at a minimum cost. For many years the steam-engine has been supreme as the generator of power, but the water turbine and the gas-engine have become dangerous rivals. It is therefore important to know the comparative cost of power obtained from the various sources, and this has been worked out by Mr. J. B. C. Kershaw. As would be expected, the cheapest source of energy is the waterfall, the cost per year of electricity from dynamos driven by turbines deriving their power from naturally moving water being much less than when steam or gas-engines are used to drive them. If, however, the power produced from the falling water has to be transmitted over long distances, the cost is proportionately increased and may become equal to the steam-power. As a matter of fact, electrical energy generated by falling water is costing more at Rheinfelden, at Zürich, and at Buffalo from Niagara, than it would cost in South Lancashire if generated by steam-power. The waste gases of blast furnaces and coke ovens provide a source of power which may enter into severe competition with water in the near future. It is estimated that 2,000,000 horsepower is annually wasted in the gases issuing from the blast furnaces of the United Kingdom, and if this energy were utilised to drive gas-engines we should to a large extent be compensated for our lack of natural water power. This is being done in Belgium, and there is no reason why so much available energy should be allowed to run to waste in England. But, as Mr. Kershaw points out, blast furnaces require coke, and coal-beds will come to an end some day, so that even if this source of energy is tapped it can only postpone but not avert the final triumph of the waterfall and the water turbine.

Liquid Air as an Explosive

AMONG other peculiar properties of liquid air, it has been found that in combination with carbonaceous substances it forms an explosive compound, and numerous experiments have been made with a view of applying it to blasting. At a recent meeting of the Institution of Mining Engineers, Mr. A. Larsen gave an account of the trials that have been made; and from the fact that investigations are at this moment being carried on in Germany at three separate centres, there is good reason to believe that the practical difficulties preventing the large use of a liquid air explosive will eventually be surmounted. The most important experiments are being made

in one of the largest explosives works on the Continent, namely, the carbonite factory at Schlebusch. Explosive cartridges having liquid air as one of their constituents have been used in the Simplon tunnel, though not with sufficient success to justify their continuance. The cartridges were filled with equal parts of paraffin-wax and charcoal, and were then bodily dipped in liquid air until completely soaked. They were carried in liquid air to the place where they were to be used, and remained in it until immediately before being placed in the shot-holes. The life of a liquid air cartridge is unfortunately only short, a cartridge eight inches in length having to be fired within fifteen minutes after being taken out of the liquid to avoid a miss-fire. This is the chief drawback to the use of the cartridges, and when it has been overcome we may expect to see the new explosive in use. As to the explosive strength, Mr. Larsen says that, broadly speaking, it is possible to obtain an explosive compound of greater energy than blasting gelatine.

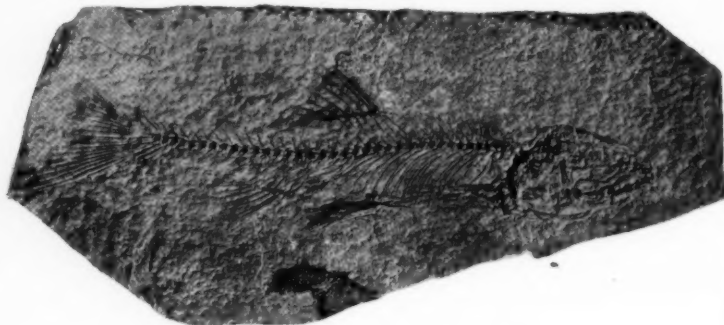
The Annihilation of the Universe

THOUGH it is a scientific axiom that it is impossible actually to destroy a single particle of a material substance, a number of researches have been made to test whether this doctrine of the permanence of matter is strictly true. Substances can, of course, be made lighter, but no loss of mass is involved in the operation. If 1 lb. of water is boiled away, 1 lb. of steam is produced, and if a candle is permitted to burn away in a suitable apparatus, the gases and vapours produced by its combustion really weigh more than the candle did, owing to the addition of the air that was used by the candle in burning. These are simple instances of the indestructibility of matter, and with thousands of others they form the foundation upon which modern chemistry is built. Certain extremely minute changes of weight have, however, been put in evidence by Professor Landolt, and these have since been confirmed. Dr. A. Heydweiller has distinctly established a diminution of weight of about one part in fifty millions during a number of chemical changes. A loss of mass equal to seven-hundredths of a grain was obtained by mixing blue vitriol with water, but no changes of mass whatever could be found by varying the magnetic, electrical, optical, or similar state of a substance. The change of mass determined seems very small, but assuming the results to be trustworthy, the logical outcome would be the ultimate annihilation of the material universe.

Science and Discovery

A New Record of the Past

THOUGH fossils are fairly common, the accompanying picture of the impression of a new form of fish recently discovered in the rocks in a part of Esmeralda County, Nevada, is such a good cast of the skeleton that it merits attention. In many cases fossils are models in stone of the actual animals, but often the flesh and skeleton of the animal have entirely disappeared, and all that remains is a mould or cast showing the form of the creature buried hundreds of thousands of years ago, when the solid rock in which it occurs was sand or other sedimentary material. The rock-cast here reproduced was about six inches in length, and belongs to a geological period not represented in Britain. When the fish lived which has thus left its record upon the rock, England was a land connected with the continent, but a part of the present continental area was under water. The whole of the northern hemisphere enjoyed a much warmer climate than it does now, and even



ROCK IMPRESSION OF A NEW FORM OF FOSSIL FISH

the Arctic regions had a luxuriant growth of trees within a few degrees of the North Pole. At the close of the period the British area again sunk below the sea, and when it was elevated once more the sands, gravels, and clays which subsequently became rock contained in them the fossils of the period succeeding that of which the fish outlined in the accompanying picture is a representative.

Rain-Making

THE popular belief that rain can be artificially produced has been shown over and over again to have no foundation, yet rain-wizards are still able to carry on their profession even in civilised countries. The possibility that rain or drought can be produced by human means is never questioned by barbarians, who have their professional rain-makers and great medicine men, and superstitiously attribute to them all power over nature. Many educated people believe that rain follows great battles, the general opinion being

that the noise of the guns or the burning of the gunpowder in some way affects the clouds, and causes them to precipitate their moisture. But as the belief that great battles cause rain was held long before the invention of gunpowder, and is, indeed, mentioned by Plutarch, it is evident that the explanation is unsatisfactory, and only presents an ancient theory in modern terms. The subject of artificial rain has lately been again brought up by some operations of a rain-wizard in the United States, so it is of interest to know that Professor Cleveland Abbe, who has made an exhaustive examination of all the scientific experiments made at various times to test the matter, has declared that there is no evidence that rain has ever been caused by human agencies. He reminds us that a few years ago elaborate experiments to determine whether rain could be caused by explosion were made in connection with the United States Government, at an expense of thousands of pounds, but the results proved that nothing of the nature of rain was produced by the

bombardment. In fact, rain falls according to the general weather conditions existing at a place, and is altogether independent of the puny efforts of man to change the nature of the clouds. When rain does occur in the wake of a rain-wizard, a glance at the meteorological chart of the day will show that it is a natural consequence of the distribution of temperature and pressure, and is usually predicted by the Meteorological Office. It is strange that many people ignore this fact, and ascribe any rainfall that may take place to the acts of the professional rain-maker.

Inflammable Gases in Air

AN eminent French professor of chemistry, Prof. A. Gautier, has for several years been engaged in the analysis of the gases in the atmosphere, the samples used being obtained from various places, such as cities, mountains, forests, and at sea. From these investigations he has arrived at the important conclusion that hydrogen gas is a constant constituent of pure air, to the extent of two parts in ten thousand. Professors Liveing and Dewar have arrived at a similar conclusion by a different method: they filled glass tubes and bulbs with air, and then subjected them to an extremely low temperature, with the result that the oxygen, nitrogen, argon, and other gases were frozen out. The residue which had not solidified

under this treatment was then examined, and was found to consist chiefly of hydrogen, neon, helium, and some unknown substances. Nearly one-half of the residue consisted of hydrogen, and a convincing proof of its reality was obtained by mixing the gas with some oxygen and exploding it. Prof. Gautier believes that the hydrogen in the air is exhaled from the earth in consequence of certain chemical actions going on in the earth's crust, but Professors Liveing and Dewar suggest that it comes to the earth from other bodies in space. But though this question remains undecided, there is no doubt that this inflammable gas, hydrogen, is present in air in sensible proportion, and there is every reason to believe that the proportion is greater high up in the earth's atmosphere, because the gas is lighter than the other gases in air. It has, in fact, been estimated that at a height of a hundred miles or so as much as ninety per cent. of the air is made up of hydrogen. This conclusion might give rise to an uncomfortable feeling if we did not know that the atmosphere at such an altitude is in a very attenuated condition, and therefore there is no danger of explosion of this gaseous envelope surrounding the earth.

Life at Low Temperatures

SOME experiments made by Professor A. Macfadyen show that bacteria are not killed by being kept for several hours at a temperature equal to more than four hundred and fifty degrees of frost. This temperature is far below that at which any chemical action is known to take place, and the fact should give pause to the physiologists who hold that all the phenomena of vitality are due to material changes taking place in the organism. Seeds, as well as bacteria, have been shown not to lose any of their vigour by being subjected to this intense cold, which is only a few degrees above that at which, according to modern conceptions, molecular movement ceases, and the entire range of chemical and physical activities with which men of science are acquainted come to an end. The experiments show that the range of temperature in which micro-organisms can exist is much greater than that which limits the life of man. A human being, or any warm-blooded animal, would die if the body were cooled to a temperature of sixty-six degrees Fahr.; and, on the other hand, if the temperature should rise above one hundred and twenty degrees death would ensue, as the consequence of certain chemical changes incompatible with life. Of course, on account of the protection afforded by clothing, people are able to live in parts of the earth hotter or colder than the temperatures mentioned, but the body itself must not be permitted to approach either of the limits of the range of human life.

The feat of driving an electric motor 153 miles from the place where the current was produced by dynamos driven by water-power has been successfully accomplished by the Snoqualmie Falls Power Company, at Seattle, U.S.A. The result shows the practicability of transmitting motive power over long distances by electricity.

The hissing sound of the electric arc-light is familiar to many people. At a recent meeting of the Institution of Electrical Engineers, Mr. Duddell showed that the sound can be varied so considerably that it is possible to arrange a key-board of electric switches representing two octaves, and by the use of it make the arc-light emit the musical notes of a simple tune.

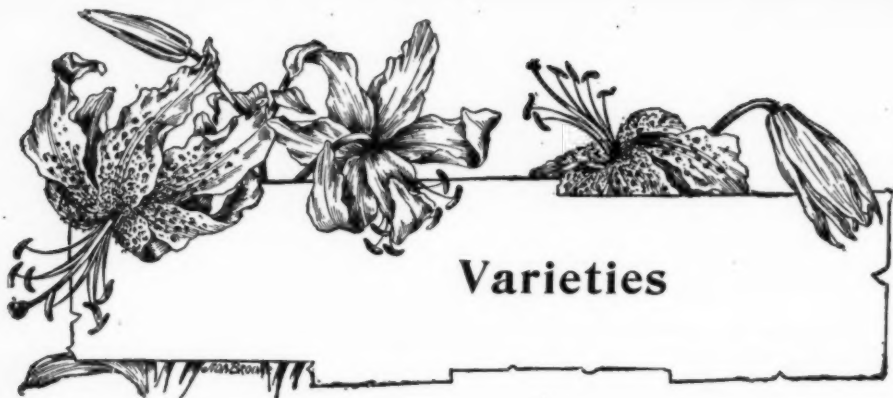
From calculations of the amount of salt at present contained in the waters of the ocean and the amount annually supplied by rivers, Prof. J. Joly claims that a period of between eighty and ninety million years has elapsed since the land surface of the earth first became exposed to the agencies continually washing it down to the sea.

A detailed examination of a number of stone cairns and other remains shows that Massachusetts was a Scandinavian settlement long before the time of Columbus. The cairns answer in every particular of size and situation to the graves mentioned in different sagas, and are in the midst of various other remains which must be attributed to the Norsemen.

Mr. Marconi has been able to exchange messages by wireless telegraphy between stations at the Lizard in Cornwall, and St. Catherine's, Isle of Wight, the direct distance between these two points being two hundred miles. This is the greatest distance over which telegraphic communication has been established without connecting wires.

Observations made by Dr. J. Edler, Potsdam, show that the stray currents from electric tramways of ordinary traffic affect magnetic instruments five miles away, and that observatories possessing instruments so delicate as those at Greenwich should not be less than ten miles from a tramway or railway line which lets electric currents enter the earth.

It is impossible for the naked eye to see anything smaller than a particle measuring one six-hundredth of an inch across. The smallest thing that can be seen with the highest microscopic magnifying power measures the five-hundred-thousandth of an inch; in other words, a first-class microscope will show particles so small that a million of them could be placed side by side in a length of two inches.



Varieties

A Little Traveller

RAILWAY journeys in the United States are frequently long and wearisome, extending as they do over thousands of miles. Everything, however, is done by the railway companies and the train attendants to make these long journeys safe, pleasant, and convenient, and there are many instances of long journeys being undertaken safely by little children too young, one might think, to be trusted to cross a city street alone. One such instance occurred in January 1901, when a little girl, only three years old, travelled alone from Dallas in Texas to New York. Little Beatrice was the daughter of well-to-do parents, and came to New York to visit her grandparents. Every provision for her comfort and accommodation was made by her father, and Beatrice was entrusted to the care of the train conductors and attendants. When the passengers on the train learned of the little traveller, there were many offers of help in dressing and caring for her, and the seven days from Dallas to Chicago were filled full of attention and kindness from all who were on the train. Chicago was reached late at night; but two women who were also travelling to New York, and one of the train-men, accompanied little Beatrice across the city in a carriage and committed her to the care of the conductor on the New York train. Here even greater care and attention were showered on the little lady, and when at last she arrived at the station in New York, it was not a lonely little girl, but a little queen, surrounded by a whole court of attendants, who was met by her grandfather.—A. G. P.

A French Circus Woman

SOME years ago we gave a series of sketches from the records of the Montyon Prize. The American *Outlook* has now collected some of the more recent cases. We venture to quote a remarkable narrative from the annals of 1897, when one of the largest awards was made to a circus woman, Mlle. Bonnefois, whose life is related at length by M. Jules Claretie. "She was born in 1829 in the Department of the Rhône, the daughter of the village schoolmaster, who was also secretary
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to the village mayor. But the two salaries were not enough for the support of the family, so he became a strolling showman, and Mlle. Bonnefois began her calling of mountebank at the age of four. As they approached a village the little thing would put on pink tights, with gold spangles to hide the darns in the tissue. At the hour of closing the workshops for the day, she would go about the place in a cocked hat and other uniform of the *gardes françaises* of the eighteenth century, beating a drum; and when her father's puppet-show was set up in the square, she would mount the boards outside of the entrance and perform tricks to entice the people to enter. The German war found father and daughter in Paris (when a child she had lost her mother, then a step-mother, and a beloved step-mother too), and during the siege Mlle. Bonnefois attracted attention as a devoted nurse, who insisted on being sent to the front amid the fighting. After the war, to support her father, now grown feeble, she returned to her old life, but this time was herself a showman; first, with a second-hand panorama, and, when that wore out, with a brand-new diorama that cost five thousand francs. Both times she found it easy to borrow, so great was the esteem which she had inspired. Her father died, and, feeling lonelier and lonelier, she felt the need, as M. Claretie expresses it, of gathering a new family about her. She felt sorry for the neglected children of the people of the fairs in Paris—the show-people and the hucksters; she would teach them (these are her own words) that there is a God in heaven and twenty-six letters in the alphabet. She opened her school in 1892—she was now sixty-five years old—in her showman's wagon, 'with twelve little mountebanks for pupils, boys and girls who learned to read between two acts on the trapeze.' In four years the school grew to two hundred and seven pupils, the wagon having been exchanged for tents, and Mlle. Bonnefois having taken an assistant. It is a strolling school; tents, school furniture, and teachers follow the show-people in their roaming life through the outer boulevards and the suburbs, from the Mémorial festival to the festival at Vincennes."

The selection we published included lives as

remarkable, and was made by L. G. Léguin, author of *Walks in Algeria*. It was afterwards sent out as a book, *Heroism in Humble Life*, which is still fresh with the perennial charm of good deeds, and we hope will find and long keep its place in English village homes.

The Dowager Lady Carew

BORN DECEMBER 2ND, 1798; PHOTOGRAPHED JANUARY 14TH, 1901.

THIS venerable lady, grandmother of the present Lord Carew, has lived in three centuries, and attained the patriarchal age of 102 years.

Here then we have amongst us a marvellous example of longevity—a life linked to the far-off times of Wellington and Nelson, and to a period when Holyhead, her birthplace, was but a small fishing village.

Lady Carew still retains decided traces of the remarkable attractions which made her a conspicuous personality at the Court of Louis Philippe, where she was described by an appreciative authority of the time as "charmante et spirituelle," and her robe of Irish poplin excited the admiration, curiosity, and envy of the Court ladies at the Tuileries.

Lady Carew enjoys excellent health and spirits, and divides her leisure chiefly between reading and her favourite game of chess, in which she was formerly an acknowledged expert. In her delightful residence, Woodstown, Co. Waterford, surrounded by its lovely demesne and within hearing of the murmurs of the sea (which is visible from the house), and cheered by frequent visits from

members of her family of the second and third generations, Lady Carew's closing years are spent amid scenes of rest and satisfaction.

The Moon and the Weather

IN the very instructive article on "Weather Forecasting and its Critics," by Mr. Frank T. Bullen, F.R.G.S., published in the January number of the *Leisure Hour*, nothing is said about the popular faith that exists in various countries—probably in every country, civilised and uncivilised—respecting the moon's direct influence upon weather. The subject, however, must be one of real interest to those who, like



A lady who has lived in three centuries

THE DOWAGER LADY CAREW

From Photo by Lafayette
O O

Varieties

Mr. Bullen, realise the existence of a very strong current of weather wisdom in the world, or what passes for wisdom, which is quite distinct from, and is often violently opposed to, that other current of knowledge and speculation depending upon facts scientifically ascertained, and rejecting all hypothesis that does not rest upon causes that are understood. The widely prevailing belief in the intimate relationship between the moon's phases and the state of the weather belongs to folk-lore, not to science; but there can be little doubt that it takes the place of science to the vast majority of the rural population of Europe. In the great cities and large towns few people notice the changes of the moon. Thanks to artificial lighting, the greater number have no motive for doing so. They may find some pleasure in a fine moonlit night when it comes, but they rarely know when to expect it, because they look upon the moon's quarters as things only interesting to the makers of almanacs. But in the country the moon is considered an important adjunct to terrestrial life. When it shines at convenient hours of the night, it is of great assistance to those who have business out of doors, and it lends a cheerfulness to the face of the world which is not appreciated in crowded centres. Thus the rural people everywhere have come to be very familiar with the moon and its phases, and this familiarity has certainly not bred contempt. On the contrary, it appears to be largely accountable for the far-reaching belief in the mysterious and mighty power exercised by our satellite upon physical phenomena of this world, such as the mutations of weather, the germination of seeds, and the prosperity of vegetation generally.

My knowledge of popular moon-lore chiefly relates to France. Wherever I have been in contact with the peasantry—and this contact has extended to provinces widely separated, not only by distance, but by differences of origin and language in the people themselves—I have found the same unshaken confidence in the moon's mysterious power. Let there be a spell of bad weather that seems at all persistent, nobody believes that it will go out until the next change of the moon, and if the moon be waning there is little hope of better things until the new moon is due. If bad weather sets in with a new moon, then the prospect is bad indeed. The theory may come to grief three times out of four in the opinion of those who are critical, but confidence remains as steadfast as ever in the transmitted wisdom of bygone generations. The child hears his father talk about the moon's baneful or blessed influence,

and unconsciously he treasures up in his mind this lore to be passed on perfectly intact to the next generation. You will not easily find a peasant, or a rustic gardener, who is not persuaded that it is an evil time for sowing any seed when the moon is waning. It may be expected to rot in the ground. But if the moon is young the seed will germinate vigorously, unless it is bad seed. It will be observed that there is always a saving clause for the moon. And yet the French are supposed to be sceptical by nature, and poor believers in what lies beyond the grasp of their understanding. Here, however, we are sailing upon the unfathomable sea of human contradictions. Perhaps some learned person may be able to trace these superstitions—for modern science regards them as such—to the moon-worship of ancestors in the pre-historic past.—E. H. B.

Astronomical Notes for April

THE Sun rises in the latitude of Greenwich on the 1st day of this month at 5h. 38m. in the morning, and sets at 6h. 30m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 5h. 16m. and sets at 6h. 46m.; and on the 21st he rises at 4h. 55m. and sets at 7h. 3m. The Moon will be Full at 1h. 20m. in the morning of the 4th; enter her Last Quarter at 3h. 57m. on that of the 12th; become New at 9h. 37m. on the evening of the 18th; and enter her First Quarter at 4h. 15m. on the afternoon of the 25th. She will be in apogee, or farthest from the Earth, at half-past 6 o'clock on the morning of the 5th, and in perigee, or nearest us, at 9 o'clock on the evening of the 18th, which being so near the time of New Moon, exceptionally high tides may be anticipated on that day. No eclipses or other phenomena of importance are due this month. The planet Mercury will be at greatest western elongation from the Sun on the 4th, and visible in the morning during the first half of the month, moving from the constellation Aquarius into Pisces. Venus, also in Pisces, rises later each morning, and is diminishing in brightness; she will be at superior conjunction with the Sun on the last night of the month. Mars is nearly stationary in the western part of the constellation Leo, retaining his red colour, but diminishing in brightness; he will be near the Moon on the evening of the 27th. Jupiter is a morning star, nearly stationary in Sagittarius; and Saturn is a short distance nearly to the east of him in the same constellation, where he also is nearly stationary during the last week of the month.—W. T. LYNN.





WIVES, MOTHERS, AND MAIDS.

Counsel and Confidences

The Spring Upheaval

WHEN the spring sun first fares forth from a winter sky, its uplifting effect on the sensitive is so marvellous, the strength and hope and courage that follow in its train are so palpable to the perceptions, that we understand how earlier races, feeling their way towards knowledge, mistook the creature for the Creator, and worshipped the heartsome and healing dispenser of light.

While giving us strength and spirit for achievement, the spring sun also indicates a variety of things to be done, material practical things. But for the penetrating spring light we should never recognise the dinginess of the world we inhabit, how much atmospheric dust surrounds us, how much has found a permanent place in crevices and cracks, how dingy the winter fires and lights have made all walls and ceilings, how many patches have grown thin in the carpets since last season, how multitudinous are the marks on doors and windows. The surprising spectacle makes good housewives say: "Could any one have believed the house was so dirty?" and sets them to remedy the evil with a will.

Comic writers a generation ago made merry over the annual domestic upheaval, and declared that women had a wicked joy in leaving pails of water on stairs for the overthrow of the unwary, soap on the hall floor, and beeswax on chair seats, but jokes nowadays are of a more acidulated order, and nobody any longer pretends that spring cleaning is women's time of high holiday. Women themselves always knew that they took the business very seriously, and were humbly thankful if any one gave them hints that helped to lessen their labours.

When house-cleaning, the simplest plan is, first, to remove the entire stair-carpet, and then to begin and complete one floor before disturbing another, moving downwards the while. Most people know that papered ceilings should be brushed first with a duster tied on a broom or Turk's head, and afterwards rubbed over with a clean duster dipped in dry flour. The papered ceiling is prettier than the plain whitewashed ceiling,

and, where electric light has not yet superseded gas, more easily cleaned than the moulded ceiling. Dry flour is preferable to dough for cleaning wall and ceiling papers, it freshens the surface equally well, and is not likely to leave smears.

For cleaning mirrors, windows, and woodwork, a little household ammonia added to the water will simplify the process, and is preferable to the soda with which many servants have a much too liberal hand.

For washing glass, mirrors, or panes, a wash-leather or chamois is best, as it leaves no adherent threads or filaments such as accompany the application of a wet duster, and when wrung dry will suffice for polishing purposes, the surface to be finished with a crumpled piece of soft paper.

Where the woodwork has been finished with a surface coat of Aspinall's enamel paint, neither soap, soda, nor ammonia should be used to wash it, nor should the surface be wetted at all, except where finger or other marks are visible, then these should be removed with a damp cloth, the rest of the surface being merely polished with a dry cloth. Thus treated the enamel paint will keep a porcelain-like surface for years. To no painted surface should soda ever be applied, though it is very difficult to keep servants, who have got into the habit, from adding it surreptitiously to all water at house-cleaning times.

Some careful housewives taboo the use of the scrubbing-brush on oilcloths, but where the oilcloth has a rough surface, as those with a mosaic or matting pattern, it is impossible to keep them clean without it. But a scrubbing once in two months will suffice, if the surface is washed with house-flannel and soap and water once a week in the interval. After drying, the oilcloth should be polished with a little milk, this, with plenty of elbow-grease, giving quite a bright and durable gloss. Some people prefer to use furniture polish for oilcloths instead of milk. Nothing makes as lustrous a surface as beeswax and turpentine, but this is so slippery as to become dangerous, and should not be applied to floors. Where the pattern of

Wives, Mothers, and Maids

the oilcloth receives excessive wear, as at garden doors, it should be brushed over once a month at bedtime with a thin coat of glue. This will dry long before morning; when dry it will not be perceptible, and will prolong the duration of the pattern indefinitely.

The use of carpet squares instead of fitted carpets simplifies labour immensely for servants and housewives, as large pieces of furniture stand not on the carpet but on the painted border. The square carpet can be made of pile or Brussels, and bordered or fringed according to taste, or can be purchased in the woven square. Next month I hope to give our readers some hints on house furnishing, but for this month I will confine my attention to tinkering and cleaning.

Some housekeepers imagine that the stained wood surround is likely to be cold, but this is only fancy, as the bare surface does not come into contact with the occupants of the room. Surrounds, if desired, can be made of matting or art felt, but these are open to the objection against fitted carpets; objects such as book-cases, side-boards, and other heavy pieces of furniture must be moved as often as the fitted surround requires to be taken up.

The varnished border demands of course that the boards shall be in good condition. Old boards that do not meet will require thin pieces of wood driven in wedgewise between them, and afterwards planed even with the rest of the floor. Small cracks can be filled with a kind of papier-maché formed by soaking soft paper for twenty-four hours in paste, then macerating the paper and driving in the pulp with the edge of a paper-knife. The surface should be made smooth, when it will dry hard. Putty can also be used for this purpose.

For dining-room surrounds the best colour is walnut, for drawing-room and morning-room oak is preferable. Any amateur can apply the stain, which dries quickly. There is no necessity to apply a polish, as the varnish stain contains this. When the surface grows thin a new coat can be cheaply and easily added.

The enamel paints can all be matched in small tins from 3d., sold at the oil and colour-shops; with these, chipped surfaces can be retouched and made as good as new.

Carpets, after being beaten and relaid, should be washed, where stained, with Chivers' Carpet Soap, manufactured at Bath, and sold by all oil and colour-men. Where the entire surface requires freshening add two table-spoonfuls of cloudy household ammonia to a pail of water, wring a house-flannel through this and go carefully over the carpet, taking care to wet it as little as possible. Where a new carpet is required, reserve the old one to go beneath it, this will make it softer to the tread and much more durable.

Where a carpet-felt or old carpet is not available to act as a pad, the old-fashioned layer of hay can be spread over the floor under the carpet with advantage.

To mend broken china or broken glass, use Seccotine, from McCaw, Stevenson, and Orr, Belfast.

To remove oil or grease from wall-papers mix fuller's earth to a paste, with water, spread this over the stain and leave for twenty-four hours, then brush off with a stiff brush; should the mark not have entirely disappeared repeat the application.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Mara.—I sent you and some others of our readers the address by post.

Ali Baba.—Bamboo and matting furniture must be dealt with sparingly because it both is and looks cheap. It answers best for a morning-room or hall. The little tables with flaps at the sides are rather pretty, the bamboo dwarf book-cases do for school-rooms and landings, one may be even introduced into the drawing-room, but as a rule bamboo articles are not good enough for the best apartments. Beginners in house-keeping had better furnish sparingly and get the articles selected of the best quality within reach of their purse.

Letters requiring answers to be addressed—

"Verity,"

c/o Editor, "Leisure Hour,"

56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

The Servant Problem and Domestic Architecture

THE servant problem which is now agitating the home life both in Europe and America is having a remarkable effect on domestic architecture in the United States. This is not entirely a new outcome of the difficulty of obtaining sufficient help in the home; for this difficulty dates back to the earliest period of United States history, and has already profoundly affected the work of architects and

builders. Both city and country homes show the effect of the desire to save labour, and to make household work as easy and economical as possible; but it is in the country homes, where the pressure upon space is not so great, and where therefore economy of household management rather than economy of ground has been the foremost consideration, that American domestic architecture can be seen at its best.

The Servant Problem and Domestic Architecture

Two factors in American home life have helped in reducing domestic work to a minimum; one, the fact that coal for domestic consumption is anthracite, and therefore burns without soot, and is also well adapted to slow and continuous fires, and the other that the severity of American winters has made necessary the heating of the houses throughout by heat transmitted from furnaces in the cellars of the houses, so that open fires are simply for cheerfulness and ornament, and are usually of wood. Thus the winter labour of keeping up a large number of open coal fires, with the attendant work of cleaning and caring for the grates, is eliminated, and the whole house is open to occupancy in winter as in summer.

Another point in the arrangement of American houses which conduces to labour-saving, is the placing of the dining-room in close proximity to the kitchen, and its reservation for use at meal-times. The American dining-room, even in small homes, is rarely used as a sitting-room, or if so used, a part of the room is screened off, and the table is kept ready laid for the next meal. Thus the work of clearing away and preparing for meals is reduced to a minimum, and when one becomes accustomed to it, the table, with its white cloth and gleaming silver and glass, is rather pleasant to look upon than otherwise. One of the most characteristic features of American houses is the abundance of closets. The dining-room has its closet, or possibly even two or three closets, some with glass doors, where cut glass and silver, tea-sets and dessert-sets find their place, and no bedroom is complete without an ample closet. In fact a bedroom is hardly thought to be perfectly fitted without two closets, one with a window and the other dark. These closets are fitted with hooks and shelves, and often with drawers and receptacles for hats and shoes. The light one may contain the washing accommodation, and in the more luxurious homes will become a private bathroom. Wardrobes become unnecessary where closet-room is so ample, and by the simplification of furniture, sweeping and cleaning are rendered much easier.

The arrangement of the kitchens and the multitude of appliances for easing the daily work of cooking and cleaning also plainly point to the existence of thousands of women of education and refinement, of quick intelligence and resourcefulness, who are compelled, occasionally if not continuously, to do their own work; and who therefore demand that this work shall be rendered as easy and pleasant as possible. Kitchens are not usually very large, for women have discovered that a large kitchen means many steps, and much cleaning, and that the perfect fitting of a small kitchen is far preferable to large size. Abundance of light is the first

demand, and every kitchen has a large pantry with a good window in it. This pantry is fitted with shelves and hooks, and in front of the window is usually a broad shelf carefully adapted in height to convenience in the work of preparing food, making pies and cakes, cutting up and seasoning meat, and all other such work as is best done within reach of salt, sugar, and spices, which are ranged on the shelves at hand. Even the arrangement of the sink, always well-lighted, with a draining-board sloping slightly towards it, and a leaf or permanent table at hand for plates and dishes, might serve as an object lesson to the average English house architect; while stationary tubs with covers act if necessary as tables, as well as being excellent adjuncts to the convenience of washing, where the house is too small to allow a special room for laundry purposes.

As for the appliances for easing kitchen work, a walk through one of the large department stores which exhibit full lines of such articles would be a revelation to the ordinary English housewife, and at every step she would stop and wonder what could be the uses of the hundreds of articles displayed. The first characteristic to strike her attention would probably be the lightness and handiness of all the implements. American women remember always that lifting is labour, and that if the pan empty be heavy, to lift the pan full will be a toil. They therefore demand that pans and kettles of all descriptions shall be as light as is consistent with strength and fitness. For this reason, first enamel ware and more recently aluminium have been in high favour for cooking utensils, and both these materials have also the advantage of being easy to keep clean. The fittings of an ordinary English kitchen are probably much more durable than the lighter American ware. Galvanised iron pails last longer than wood pulp, but so long as the wood pulp pail is cheap, clean, and light, the American woman will use it, and wear it out, and buy another, rather than wear herself out handling the more durable but more laborious implements of her English sister. It is not possible to enumerate any of the thousand and one little appliances that need to be seen, and seen in use, to be appreciated; but it is not too much to say that work in a kitchen whose walls are hung with a full set of the tried and proved labour-saving contrivances, is reduced to a minimum, and the American woman, whose servants suddenly depart, and who must face the necessity of filling the gap herself until such time as others can be found to take the vacant places, is by no means in despair, but turns her whole ingenuity to the problem of doing everything as well as possible with the smallest expenditure of time and strength.—A. G. P.

The Fireside Club

(See Special Conditions for Colonial Readers)

PRIZE QUOTATIONS

VI.—A Woman's Reason

1. "A woman is wise at first, but a fool on reflection."—*Burckhardt*.
2. "And the nine hundred and ninety-ninth is a woman's reason—just because."
Mrs. C. N. Williamson.
3. "All the reasonings of man are not worth one sentiment of woman."—*Voltaire*.
4. "Our reason is our will."—*Marston*.
5. "A woman too often reasons from her heart, hence two-thirds of her mistakes and her troubles."—*Bulwer Lytton*.
6. "What she will she will, you may depend on't;
And what she won't she won't, so there's an end on't."—*Old Play*.

(The quotation from Shakespeare's *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, being obviously that which suggested the above subject, could not be admitted to competition.)

The prize of FIVE SHILLINGS offered for the happiest quotation is awarded this month to J. Cromar, c/o Mr. MacBain, 43 Regent Quay, Aberdeen.

The next subject is "The Language of Flowers." Quotations to be posted, on cards only, not later than 15th April.

COLONIAL AND FOREIGN COMPETITORS.—Prize of the same value. Competitors residing outside Europe may send quotations so as to reach this office not later than 15th July.

SHAKESPEARIAN SEARCH ACROSTICS

ANSWERS TO FIRST FOUR OF THE SERIES OF FIVE

First. (Page 85)

Missing Words.

Smiles.
Prince.
Ruffian.
Inn.
Nation.
Glory.

References.

Othello, Act I. sc. iii.
2 Hen. IV., Act III. sc. ii.
2 Hen. V., Act V. sc. i.
Macbeth, Act III. sc. iii.
2 Hen. IV., Act I. sc. ii.
Ju. Caesar, Act V. sc. i.

WHOLE

SPRING. Winter's Tale, Act IV. sc. iii.
526

Second. (Page 175)

Missing Words.

Swan's.
Unhandsome.
Majesty.
Match.
Elves.
Rosalind.

References.

Titus Andron., Act IV. sc. ii.
Much Ado, Act I. sc. i.
2 Hen. IV., Act IV. sc. iv.
King John, Act V. sc. ii.
Macbeth, Act IV. sc. i.
As You Like It, Act III. sc. iii.

WHOLE

SUMMER. Tr. and Cres., Act III. sc. iii.

Third. (Page 262)

Ambition.
Untimely.
Terms.
Unperfectness.
Marigold.
Noble.

Cym., Act III. sc. i.
Rom. and Jul., Act IV. sc. v.
Cym., Act III. sc. i.
Othello, Act II. sc. iii.
Winter's Tale, Act IV. sc. iii.
Cor., Act I. sc. i.

WHOLE (described)

AUTUMN. Winter's Tale, Act IV. sc. iii.

Fourth. (Page 350)

Whitefac'd.
Infant.
N'cthing.
Thee.
* Embassador.
Rapture.

King John, Act II. sc. i.
Rom. and Jul., Act II. sc. iii.
Cym., Act III. sc. iii.
King Lear, Act I. sc. iv.
Mer. of Venice, Act II. sc. iii.
Cor., Act II. sc. i.

WHOLE

WINTER. Winter's Tale, Act II. sc. i.

* Spelt with an E in Warne's *Albion* edition. All competitors who found the passage are held correct, irrespective of spelling.

The solution of the Fifth Acrostic, with names of prize-winners, will appear next month, along with the first of a new series of these Search Acrostics.

NOTE.—All answers must have "Fireside Club" written outside envelope, must contain competitor's name and address, and must reach the Editor, 56 Paternoster Row, by the 15th of the month.

Colonial answers received up to 15th July.

No papers for any other competition to be included in envelope for "Fireside Club."

Our Chess Page

Solving Competition. Ten Guineas in Prizes

The Problem Tourney. We have been fortunate enough to secure the services of two well-known and highly qualified judges—Messrs. S. J. Stevens and F. W. Andrew—whose kindness in coming to our assistance has placed us under a deep obligation.

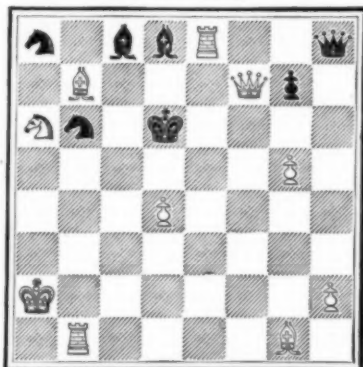
Acting under the advice of these gentlemen, we shall publish a selection of the best problems entered in the **BRITISH SECTION**, to be tested and criticised by our solvers before the definite award is made. A first batch of six problems is given this month, and others will follow in May and June.

In the **LADIES' SECTION** the prize of **One Guinea** has been awarded to Mrs. W. J. BAIRD, 14 College Terrace, Brighton, for the problem *Forget-me-not*, subject to its standing the test of further examination. This problem was published last month. The judges also "honourably mention" the two-mover (*The Four-leaved Shamrock*) by the same composer.

The Solving Competition announced last month will continue until July. The six problems published this month are included in that competition, and solutions must be sent in by May 20.

Motto, *Leisure Hour*, I.

BLACK—7 MEN

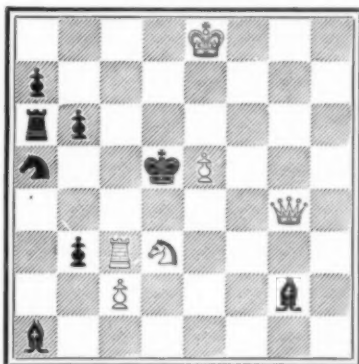


WHITE—10 MEN

White to play and mate in two moves.

Motto, *Pro Patria*.

BLACK—8 MEN

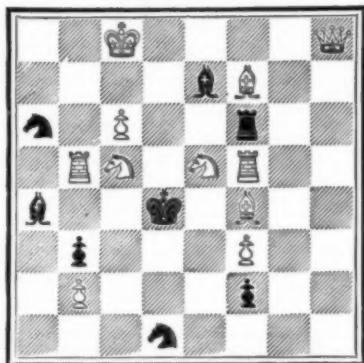


WHITE—6 MEN

White to play and mate in two moves.

Motto, *Souvenir*.

BLACK—8 MEN

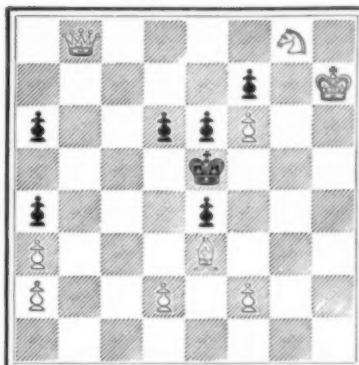


WHITE—11 MEN

White to play and mate in two moves.

Motto, *Orlando Furioso*.

BLACK—7 MEN



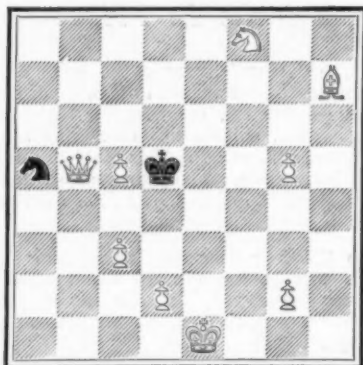
WHITE—9 MEN

White to play and mate in three moves.

Our Chess Page

Motto, *Nanki-Poo.*

BLACK—2 MEN



WHITE—9 MEN

White to play and mate in three moves.

The Brilliant Games Competition. The prize of **One Guinea** is divided between Messrs. THOS. DURANT and J. E. PARRY for games played at Brighton and Shrewsbury respectively. The game sent by F. W. FLEAR was third in order of merit.

CHESS PUZZLES COMPETITION

(FEBRUARY)

Solutions:

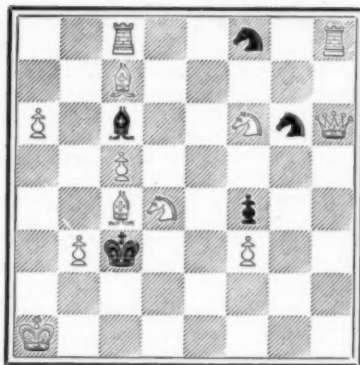
No. 1. Black's last move was K from his K 5 to Q 4.

To arrive at this it is necessary to re-arrange the board by replacing the black K on K 5, replacing P (on White's B 6) on K 5, replacing B on Kt 8, and adding a black pawn on B 2. The play then was—

1. B—R 7 (ch.) P—B 4
2. P × P (e. p.) (ch.) K—Q 4 (his last move).

Motto, *The Raven.*

BLACK—5 MEN



WHITE—12 MEN

White to play and mate in three moves.

No. 2. White's last move was P—K 4. Retracting half that move it would be P—K 3 mate.

No. 3. White gave the odds of Queen's rook. The rook at Q R square is the King's rook. The White king castles by moving two squares—on to Q B sq. Black moves, and White mates with R to Q R 3.

The prize-winners were named last month. Other correct solutions were received later from H. H. DAVIS, G. W. MIDDLETON, JAS. WHITE, and C. C. WILES. Several others sent in correct solutions of two out of the three puzzles.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C., and to be marked **CHESS** on the envelope. *Competition entries must be accompanied by the Eisteddfod Ticket on the Contents page of advertisements.*

The Leisure Hour Eisteddfod

A New Competition

DOMESTIC PHOTOGRAPHS

Competition 14. We offer **Ten Prizes of Five Shillings** each for the best photographs

(A) Of the Exterior of the Competitor's home. (The photograph may show any exterior view—front, back, or side.)

(B) Of an Interior in the competitor's home.

The photograph must be absolutely the competitor's own work. Amateur photographers only eligible.

The prize photographs will be reserved for reproduction and publication should that be deemed expedient. Others will be returned if stamped envelopes are sent, but we do not hold ourselves responsible for their safe return.

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RULES

1. Every competitor must cut out the *Eisteddfod Ticket* given on the Contents page of advertisements, and fasten the ticket to the outside of envelope containing the photograph.

2. Photographs to be sent in not later than May 15, 1901, addressed to the Editor of "The Leisure Hour," 56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

3. To **Colonial Readers** five prizes of *Five Shillings* each will be awarded, provided that not less than twelve compete. Photographs from the Colonies must be received at this office not later than July 16, 1901.